THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

MOLLY BLOOM IN THE DESIGN OF JAMES JOYCE'S ULYSSES

by

© May Diver

A THESIS

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ABSTRACT

The majority of studies of James Joyce's Ulysses consider thematic details as though woven throughout the chapters from "Telemachus" to "Ithaca," and treat "Penelope" as something apart: an audacious and colourful coda, necessary to confirm Molly's adultery, and to complete the Odysseyan parallel. This is to disregard the final intermeshing of the themes, their reversal into the fabric of what has preceded, and the tightening and completion of the pattern. This study proposes to follow such major themes as language manipulation, the father-son relationship, and considerations of time and space, in Ulysses, to their final intricate designings in the hands of Joyce's Penelope, the finest weaver, and unweaver, of all.

The author's control of narrator, tone, and technique, are the main aspects to be considered in any study of the language, but Joyce has so withdrawn himself from the novel, that the narrator becomes a character in his own right, deciding on the most effective use of tone and technique to manipulate character and reader in a demonstration of the deceit and inadequacy of language. Only Molly sees through his knavery, and resists his toils. It is she who emphasizes the essential honesty of language,

pointing to the deceit in previous chapters as springing from the characters' abuse of language; only she rejects narrative control.

The father-son relationship has received intensive treatment, but few scholars have linked it to Molly as spirit, in a completion of the trinity. Those who have, including Ellmann, do not support their argument from the text, being content to draw picturesque and imaginative parallels with family group or divine Trinity. This study endeavours to prove Molly's right to complete the human trinity in her role of human spirit, as opposed to, but closely allied with, the divine Spirit. Stephen's and Bloom's inability to accept the essential fatherhood and sonship within each man, and the consequent isolation of the individual while in communion with all men, separates them from the spirit, and clouds their vision. Their lack is illustrated in the "Parable of the Plums," as is Molly's truer vision and greater fulfilment.

In his consideration of time and space, Joyce mocks the philosophies of Berkeley, Lessing, Vico, and Aristotle in a direct attack on the validity of the intellect in the approach to reality. Stephen, the intellectual, is terrified by the past as embodied in memory and history. Bloom naively arrives at philosophical truths without awareness, and accepts time and space as painful bonds to be tolerated and, if possible, ignored. Molly, in her intuitive re-enactment of the Viconian cycles, her

regeneration through ritual and confession, and her Brunonian anti-intellectualism and awareness of the divine in nature, transcends time and space. She touches on a reality far greater than Stephen's or Bloom's. For her there is no end; only a beginning. Even death is but the doorway to "something better for us in the other world."

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CHAPTER I.

NARRATOR, LANGUAGE CONTROL, AND MOLLY BLOOM

Although Penelope plays a greater role in the final books of Homer's Odyssey than elsewhere, she does not hold undisputed sway as does Molly Bloom in the final episode of James Joyce's Ulysses. Considering the progressively more intricate form of each episode in this work, Joyce must have had very good reason for allotting his entire concluding chapter to Molly and her apparently uncomplicated stream of consciousness.[1] Joyce's Penelope is one who weaves and unravels more than a death shroud for Laertes. Beneath the simplistic structure of this episode are woven the complexities of reality that have been thematic throughout the preceding chapters. Molly's soliloquy incorporates in its structure, style and content, such concepts as the meaning of the word and literary language, the relationship of father and son, and problems of time and space. It is Molly who reveals, sometimes consciously, more often subconsciously, a truer vision of reality than any other character in Ulysses. Hers is the vision of Moses who recognizes in his Pisgah sight of the Palestine he has journeyed so far to find, only a symbol of the 'Promised Land.' Reality is elsewhere. Molly has enacted the 'Parable of the Plums' and had a similar vision. Her soliloquy dexterously unravels the web of Stephen's intricate aesthetics and of Bloom's homespun philosophy.

Throughout Ulysses the increasing concentration on the theme of language is appropriately structured to parallel the reader's growing distrust of word and style. Very early in the opening chapters, through the elusive and unreliable narrator, the language proves deceitful, and as the novel progresses, language, narrator, and tone, conspire to confound and control both character and reader. Faith in the inherent honesty of language is eventually restored by Molly who demonstrates an avoidance of its nets and a rejection of its control as she seizes its protean strands and binds them firmly into the fabric of her soliloquy.

The first half of the novel teaches the reader to question the narrator's reliability, his tone, his whereabouts and his subtle control. What appears to be a conventional opening presented by an omniscient narrator, possibly the author, is suddenly disrupted by the single word "Chrysostomos."[2] This cryptic comment is not the narrator's, and before long the reader discovers it to be typical of Stephen's thinking. Gradually there comes the awareness that far from being omniscient, the narrator is limited to Stephen's perception of the world around him, and, in an effort to control, manipulates this whenever possible.[3] The narrator is not privy to Mulligan's thoughts or true character. His opening comment: "Stately, plump Buck Mulligan" is garnered from appearances alone and is extremely misleading. Buck Mulligan is anything but stately as his subsequent clownish behaviour proves: "He

moved a doll's head to and fro, the brims of his Panama hat quivering, and began to chant in a quiet happy foolish voice," and later "He capered before them down towards the fortyfoot hole, fluttering his winglike hands, leaping nimbly, Mercury's hat quivering in the fresh wind that bore back to them his brief birdlike cries" (25). His appearance in the library, seen through the eyes of the discerning Stephen, confirms Mulligan's habitual mien: "A ribald face, sullen as a dean's, Buck Mulligan came towards them blithe in motley . . ." (197). In the opening scene Mulligan is playing the solemn and exaggeratedly stately role of priest as he holds the shaving bowl aloft and intones the opening words of the Mass, and the narrator's limited vision and propensity to error and deception is seen in retrospect in that opening word. It is always surface, artistically drawn, images of Mulligan that are presented: "A pleasant smile broke quietly over his lips" (9); "His curling shaven lips laughed and the edges of his white glittering teeth" (12).

The narrator relies heavily on Stephen's perception, as colourful descriptions bearing the unmistakeable stamp of Stephen's character indicate: "Stephen said quietly" (10); "Stephen freed his arm quietly" (14); Stephen Dedalus . . . looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face . . ." (9); "Stephen . . . said very coldly" (15). This is picked up from Stephen's way of thinking as the repetition suggests. It is Stephen playing his quiet cold role, aloof

from the rest of men. He admires these qualities, even noting them in Mulligan when he is at one with him: "God, he [Mulligan] said quietly. Isn't the sea what Algy calls it: a grey sweet mother?" (11). The narrator is less prone to error when Stephen is around, but it becomes difficult to know when the narrator depends on Stephen and with what degree of reliability, when narrative remarks attribute possibly unwarranted virtues: "Buck Mulligan wiped again his razorblade. / - Ah, poor dogsbody, he said in a kind voice. I must give you a shirt and a few noserags" (12). Is this narrative comment on Mulligan's kindness, or is it Stephen's comment? Later events indicate that Mulligan is far from kind. He gives his secondhand clothes to Stephen for a purpose: Stephen is the puppet who must dance when he pulls the string, and the orders, "Kinch, get the jug" (19), "Fill us out some more tea, Kinch" (21), are only small indications of how Stephen must perform to win friends and influence for this clown who unashamedly uses people: "Why don't you play them as I do? To hell with them all" (23). Mulligan's happy front vanishes quickly at the smallest frustration. Milkless tea is enough to put him in "a sudden pet," and reveal his true feelings: "-O, damn you and your Paris fads . . ." (18), and his bland suavity and good humour are quickly dissipated when Stephen crosses Haines: "Buck Mulligan bent forward across to Stephen and said with coarse vigour: - You put your hoof in it now" (22). As he admits in the library, "- The disguise, I fear,

is thin" (216). Stephen does not consider Mulligan kind. He thinks of him as "usurper" (29), and "mine enemy" (197), and regards his castoffs distastefully as fetters binding him to the man: "My two feet in his boots are at the end of his legs . . ." (43). It seems most likely that kindness is attributed to Mulligan by the narrator who either errs in his judgment of Stephen's perception or deliberately attempts to mislead.[4] But whether the error be intentional, whether it be Stephen's or the narrator's, it is the narrative voice which has deceived the reader, and to it the distrust must be attached.[5]

Throughout the three chapters of the "Telemachia" and during the "Scylla and Charybdis" chapter in the library the narrator hovers constantly behind Stephen's shoulder, always moving so easily in and out of his stream of consciousness that the reader becomes, for the most part, unaware of his distorting presence. There is a pervading sense of Stephen's contempt for Deasy, his materialism and his politics. How much of this is actually deserved? How much is due to Stephen's poses and his intolerance of the non-artistic temperament, or how much is due to sly narrative innuendo, is not easy to determine.[6] Deasy may, in his own way, have as much insight as Stephen; or does Stephen mock, or the narrator lie, when it is reported that Deasy's eyes ". . . open wide in vision stared sternly across the sunbeam in which he halted," as he declares old England to be dying (39)? How is the reader to interpret

the final description of the old teacher with its suggestion of treachery linked to wisdom and light and spoken in the narrative voice with Stephen's artist perception evident in the imagery: "On his wise shoulders through the checkerwork of leaves the sun flung spangles, dancing coins" (42)? The deliberate blend of voices confuses the reader as can be seen from J. H. Maddox's contradictory judgment on Deasy. Though he likens him to the prudent and frugal Bloom, and comments on Stephen's "grudging respect for the elder man's stability and earnestness," he is forced to the vague conclusion that "For all his unknowing wisdom, however, Mr. Deasy is inadequate as a figure for Stephen's emulation" (28).[7]

Maddox notes a conviction of Joyce's that "the closest we can come to the knowledge of a character is knowledge of the character's 'rhythm'."[8] In "Proteus" the narrator has become so familiar with Stephen's rhythm, and the narrative voice so at one with his perception, that the narrator is almost forgotten until the sudden jolt into "Calypso" makes the reader turn, like Stephen, "rere regardant" to give more attention and significance to the final lines of the chapter he has just read:

> He laid the dry snot picked from his nostril on a ledge of rock, carefully. For the rest let look who will. Behind. Perhaps there is someone. He turned his face over a shoulder rere regardant. Moving through the air high spars of a threemaster, her sails brailed up on the crosstrees, homing, upstream, silently moving, a silent ship. (56)

The two voices separate in this closing scene. "For the

rest let look who will" is Stephen's comment on the remainder of the snot which he has not succeeded in removing from his nose without his handkerchief, and it is the narrator's comment on the remainder of the novel where language will leave the reader looking for meaning. Stephen, as though aware of the other voice, believes someone is behind. Looking back he sees the ship homing upstream, but carrying as cargo beneath its symbol of crucifixion, bricks, tokens of Christ the cornerstone, the Word, which can be either building material or stumbling block for artist, character and reader.

The jolt into "Calypso" reminds the reader that however subdued the narrator has been, he is still very much a force to be reckoned with. His introduction to the novel's other hero is abrupt and memorable: "Mr. Leopold Bloom ate with relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls" (57). Although the subsequent lines place this statement in perspective, there still remains the startling and misleading impression of a man in the act of devouring an enormous relish-spread meal. Very soon the narrator slips into the character's consciousness, and in the second paragraph the description of the "humpy" tray added to the vernacular of "Made him feel a bit peckish," indicate that the narrator has moved into Bloom's perception. Though the "gelid" light reveals continuing narrative interference, the thought in the next three chapters is almost entirely Bloom's, with apparently direct narration relying heavily on

Bloom's perception and belied by intrusive words:

> The porkbutcher snapped two sheets from the pile, wrapped up her prime sausages and made a red grimace. - Now, my miss, he said. She tendered a coin, smiling boldly, holding her thick wrist out. (61)

The "red" grimace belongs in Bloom's imagery to the butcher whose fingers he has just registered as being "sausagepink," and the "thick wrist" is the girl's whose "strong pair of arms" he has likewise noted. The phrase "Now, my miss" returns to Bloom's mind later in the day indicating his complete observation of the scene.

But Bloom's humility, his integrity, and his lack of self-consciousness or role-playing make it difficult for the narrator to deceive through him. Notice the use of the word "kindly" when applied to Bloom: "Mr Bloom watched curiously, kindly, the lithe black form. Clean to see: the gloss of her sleek hide, the white button under the butt of her tail, the green flashing eyes (57). This "kindly" is assuredly honest narrative comment. It is preceded by an exact description of how Bloom regards the cat: "curiously," as the list of details confirms. It must be accepted that "kindly" is intended with equal sincerity. Only when the character is most vulnerable can language deceive. McCoy talks to Bloom of his wife, a singer like Molly:

> - My missus has just got an engagement. At least it's not settled yet.
> Valise tack again. By the way no harm. I'm off that, thanks.
> Mr Bloom turned his largelidded eyes with unhasty friendliness.
> - My wife too, he said. She's going to sing

> at a swagger affair in the Ulster hall, Belfast, on the twentyfifth. (76)

Bloom's untypical, less than charitable, thought on McCoy's way with a valise, triggered by the imagined slight to Molly, allows the narrator his opportunity. His "unhasty friendliness" is an inversion of the negative, but only in retrospect does the reader notice the alert in the strange synonym for "slow." Forgetful of Bloom's haste when he first met McCoy some pages back, "Get rid of him quickly" (74), the reader does not suspect that Bloom's actual look is one of "hasty unfriendliness" until some time later when the truth of Bloom's feelings at that moment is revealed:

> You and me, don't you know? In the same boat. Softsoaping. Give you the needle that would. Can't he hear the difference? Think he's that way inclined a bit. Against my grain somehow. Thought that Belfast would fetch him. (77)

The reader, recalling the details, is startled into an awareness of how, despite the signs, he has been deceived, and he trusts less.

Yet even the most wary is unprepared for the pitfall in "Hades," when, beginning to trust once more in the ubiquity of Bloom's perception, his confidence is suddenly undermined by narrative trickery. As the men follow the coffin, Bloom (or <u>is</u> it Bloom?), muses on the procession:

> First the stiff: then the friends of the stiff. Corny Kelleher and the boy followed with their wreaths. Who is that beside them? Ah, the brother-in-law. All walked after. Martin Cunningham whispered:
> - I was in mortal agony with you talking of suicide before Bloom. (103)

The shock of realization that he is not within Bloom's perception forces the reader to question how deceived he may have been by other assumptions. Just to what extent has the narrator been distorting the awareness of Bloom throughout the chapter? Thereafter the reader never again allows himself to forget the narrator's power.

As though to compensate for his more limited ability to deceive in this second triad of chapters, the narrator uses language to control the character. Often Bloom's body parts are made to perform as though responding to an outside force, while Bloom looks on: "His hand took his hat from the peg . . ." (58); "His hand accepted the moist tender gland and slid it into a side-pocket. Then it fetched up three coins . . ." (62); "His vacant face stared pitying at the postscript" (68). On one such occasion it appears that he controls the act, but the accompanying words reveal otherwise:

> While his eyes still read blandly he took off his hat quietly inhaling his hairoil and send his right hand with slow grace over his brow and hair. Very warm morning. Under their dropped lids his eyes found the tiny bow of the leather headband inside his high grade ha. Just there. His right hand came down into the bowl of his hat. His fingers found quickly a card behind the headband and transferred it to his waistcoat pocket. (73)

In this remarkable passage the words "blandly" "with slow grace" "their dropped lids" are much too self-conscious to be Bloom's. The combination of these and the distinctively separate body movements suggests that the entire scene is

under the narrator's control. Bloom seems distanced as his fingers find, not "the card," but "a card." Even the "high grade ha" cannot be attributed to his thinking at this time, since the previous first mention of it was not directly his. "The sweated legend in the crown of his hat told him mutely: Plasto's high grade ha" (59). It is only later that the phrase is allowed to become Bloom's own.

In "Lestrygonians" the narrator's control becomes even more obvious. Bloom is given the throwaway, and "His slow feet walked him riverward reading" (151). It is as though the narrator directs his steps and the consequent stream of consciousness: "He crossed Westmoreland street when apostrophe S had plodded by. Rover cycleshop. Those races are on today" (155); "He passed the Irish Times. There might be other answers lying there" (159). B. J. Tysdahl speaks of the narrator's ". . . oblique introduction to the main point of view in 'Telemachus' . . ." as having ". . . the effect of a stage direction before a monologue; the scene -- one that is more 'objective' than Stephen's mind -- is set before the hero is allowed to start his roaming soliloquy."[10] For "is allowed" one might very well read "is forced," and might note the striking parallel between the unfortunate character in the hands of the narrator and Odysseus at the mercy of Poseidon: "I might have made it safely home, that time,/ but as I came round Malea the current/ took me out to sea, and from the north/ a fresh gale drove me on, past Kythera."[11] The narrator in

"Lestrygonians" plays on Bloom's senses, touching responsive chords with skilled fingers: "A warm human plumpness settled down on his brain. His brain yielded. Perfume of embraces all him assailed. With hungered flesh obscurely, he mutely craved to adore" (168). These lines are not Bloom's but the narrator's and are finely tuned to touch off the sensuous chord in the character. The thought that follows: "Duke street. Here we are. Must eat. The Burton. Feel better then." is usually attributed to Bloom, but it might as easily be shared with, or given over to, the narrator, who having aroused Bloom's appetite, seems intent on leading him to the crowded, busy, lower-class restaurant, there to pile image upon revolting image until Bloom bolts from the place in disgust. The same narrator who has lured him with "perfume of embraces," alerts him to the contrast in the first moments of his entrance: "His heart astir he pushed in the door of the Burton restaurant. Stink gripped his trembling breath: Pungent meatjuice, slop of greens. See the animals feed." It cannot be Bloom who notes all the nauseous details during his brief stance in the doorway. When he turns in disgust from the place it might once again be the vicious narrator who speaks: "He came out into the clearer air and turned back towards Grafton street. Eat or be eaten. Kill! Kill!" (168-70) If it is he, he is well named "manipulator" by Michael Groden.[12]

"Aeolus" is distinct in the first half of Ulysses in its almost complete breakaway from the stream of

consciousness of Stephen and Bloom. It is a chapter with wind and rhetoric as its subject, where the narrator uses tone and technique to dominate and to confuse. Karen R. Lawrence, discussing the major revisions that Joyce made to this chapter after its first publication in "The Little Review," notes:

> It seems that Joyce deliberately altered the chapter to make it predict the antics of the later,chapters and to give the reader early notice that the form of the novel was becoming obsolete. The devices of interruption and double writing in "Aeolus" anticipate the "Cyclops" chapter; the game of classification played in "Aeolus" anticipates the catechism of "Ithaca"; and, finally, the language of the headings, that cliched voice of the press, anticipates the language of "Eumaeus."[13]

The captions to the various sections, which include newspaper headings, picture captions and paragraph details, foreshadow, Groden claims, ". . . not only the succession of styles in "Oxen of the Sun," . . . but all the voices -- distinct both from the characters and the narrators of the early episodes -- who tell the story in the second half of the book."[14] It will be argued later that all these voices are impersonations by the one narrator, but now it must be noted that neither Groden nor Lawrence mentions one of the major anticipations of the style of "Aeolus": the control of character and reader through the language of the narrator.

The relation of captions to material demonstrates irony, ingenuity and unpredictability.[15] Innocuous thoughts and comments may be highly charged when related to each other.

Bloom's passing thought of Dignam in his grave with "that old grey rat tearing to get in" points the pitiful self-importance of man inherent in the caption: "WITH UNFEIGNED REGRET IT IS WE ANNOUNCE THE DISSOLUTION OF A MOST RESPECTED DUBLIN BURGESS" (120). At times the narrator is more subtly ironic: "SPOT THE WINNER" may refer to the horse race, to Bloom's efforts with Keyes' advertisement, to his rivalry with Boylan symbolized in the phallic Sceptre, or to his silent war against the stupidities and prejudices of Dublin foreshadowed in the struggle between the two newsboys. Often he is downright confusing: DAMES DONATE DUBLIN'S CITS SPEEDPILLS VELOCITOUS AEROLITHS, BELIEF" (149). Here the enigma of the "Parable of the Plums" and the cryptic "belief" suggest that this is more than a convoluted method of reporting the falling plumstones. At times he is straightforward: "WE SEE THE CANVASSER AT WORK" (121). Or is he? The paranoid reader begins to find himself searching the lines for ironies and innuendoes, snares and deceits. Language can be no longer trusted.

Even an astute reading of the passage will not present an honest picture. The narrator, either with intent, or through limited knowledge, presents Bloom in a pathetically foolish light as he becomes the unconscious head of the mocking kite with paperboys prancing and capering behind in cruel imitation of "his flat spaugs and the walk" (131). Only later in the day does Bloom reveal that he is very aware of the mimicry (373), and only then does the reader

realize that in those moments, rather than pitied, Bloom was to be admired for his self-control, tolerance and dignity. The narrator, in his selectiveness however, has controlled reader reaction and without Bloom's fleeting thought to redeem him, the image of a foolish figure would have persisted. Lawrence mentions over thirty rhetorical devices used in "Aeolus"[16] and M. J. C. Hodgart notes that it contains ". . . the three main kinds of oratory, according to Aristotle . . ."[17] With such forces at work for him the narrator has little difficulty controlling.

"In the second half of the novel," writes Marilyn French, "the styles are more complex, and the characters, the city and the 'plot' diminish in importance."[18] Groden says much the same thing: ". . . the last nine of the eighteen episodes transfer concern from characters to technique. . . ."[19] Both writers emphasize the relative unimportance of character in the second half of Ulysses, but it is an undeniable fact that in the reading character becomes even more predominant, to the extent that the meeting of the two principal characters has called forth a torrent of emotional criticism. Maddox is much nearer to the truth in his analysis: "The gradual tendency of Ulysses to move away from the character's consciousness towards a form imposed from without by the author-artificer constitutes the largest and most obvious formal movement within the book."[20] The emphasis on movement away from character consciousness rather than from character

importance is vital to Joyce's comment on language, since his consideration of the effect of narrative style and tone on character and reader is even more profound in the second half of Ulysses.

The tone of "Wandering Rocks" is one of the major stumbling blocks in a chapter that abounds in them.[21] J. R. Elliott, who speaks of Father Commee's compassion, generosity, benignity and intellect, is only one of many who find the portrait of the priest kindly and flattering. Joyce himself has expressed his goodwill and intentions towards the character, but it seems that the narrator has a mind of his own.[22] The blandly ironic tone of the opening, contrived by the smooth flow of language and the weighted words can easily be overlooked in the apparent homeliness and simplicity of the action: "The very reverend John Commee S. J. reset his smooth watch in his waistcoat pocket" (218). The language and tone leaves only one way for such a very reverend character to behave: with smooth complacency. Shortly after there is further indictment as the narrator, with tongue-in-cheek simplicity notes that: "He thought, but not for long. . . ." The frequent rejection of direct speech in favour of the narrator's report emphasizes his distorting influence. A direct reply from the priest, "I feel wonderfully well indeed," would lose all the smugness suggested in the narrator's statement: "Father Commee was wonderfully well indeed" (218).

In this chapter too, Joyce makes his first direct attack on the validity of stream of consciousness in portraying character. That it is neither so revealing nor so honest as has been hitherto accepted will be discussed at greater length in another section of this essay. What is important here is how it reveals the superiority of the narrator in depicting and controlling character.[23] One wonders just how different the character of Kernan might have been, despite his distorted self image, without narrative comment. Would that distorted self image have been even obvious? Had he not "preened himself before the sloping mirror," and "glanced in farewell at his image," and had his satisfaction with his appearance not been followed by the merciless comment on his "fat strut" as "Bravely he bore his stumpy body forward on spatted feet squaring his shoulders," the reader might well have accepted his musings at face value, and judged him as very akin to Bloom, the shrewd business man, prone to lapses of memory as he mistakenly recalls the history of his surroundings. Indeed his inability to recall some of the sacred moments of Irish patriotism could well have been taken for satirical comment on the whole issue. But the narrator's intervention angles the image just sufficiently to present him otherwise, and his portrait only highlights the dignity of his look-alike Bloom (238-40).

In 'Sirens' words no longer adhere to expected order or shape, constantly changing, shifting, extending, and

concealing meaning. The portrait of Boylan in his jaunty cocksure lecherousness is eloquently conveyed:

> By Bachelor's walk jogjaunty jingled Blazes Boylan, bachelor, in sun, in heat, mare's glossy rump atrot, with flick of whip, on bounding tyres: sprawled, warmseated, Boylan impatience, ardentbold. Horn. Have you the? Horn. Have you the? Haw Haw Horn. (268)

It is generally accepted that most of the second half of "Sirens" is seen through Bloom's consciousness, but French believes that, "Many of the passages [in "Sirens"] usually attributed to Bloom's consciousness are actually the derisive narrator's comment on Bloom and the others." Throughout this episode, she argues, the narrator mocks all the characters for their susceptibility to emotion.[24] This may be true, but the narrator's gymnastics with language suggest, even more strongly, that he mocks their inability to use language to express emotion, and demonstrates most effectively how neither words nor music are adequate to render feelings; how any attempt to do so must reach beyond language to a primitive, intuitive, collection of sounds which are a verbal and auditory equivalent of the emotion, recording and engendering it at the same moment. It is not Bloom who, having spent most of his day suppressing the image, conjures up the emotionally charged scene in progress between Boylan and Molly. It is the narrator who displays his virtuosity with occasional illuminating interjections on his performance:

> Tenderness it welled: slow, swelling. Full it throbbed.
> That's the chat. Ha, give! Take! Throb, a throb, a pulsing proud erect.
> Words? Music? No: it's what's behind.
> Bloom looped, unlooped, noded, disnoded.
> Bloom. Flood of warm jimjam likitup secretness flowed to flow in music out, in desire, dark to lick flow, invading. Tipping her tepping her tapping her topping her. Tup. Pores to dilate dilating. Tup. The joy the feel the warm the. Tup. To pour o'er sluices pouring gushes. Flood, gush, flow, joygush, tupthrop. Now!
> Language of love. (273)

This is a step beyond stream of consciousness, but it is outside of the character's scope. The narrator is, subliminally, as it were, controlling, rather than mocking, the character's emotions. Bloom's reaction is a consciousness of the language of love, which, not permitted at these crucial moments to lead him, as all else does, to thoughts of Molly, finds vicarious utterance in phrases of the love letter that he will write to Martha. He believes the coincidence to be the singer's mention of his name just when he felt the urge to speak the "Lanquage of love." His language of love is presented in pitiful contrast to what has just gone before: "Lovely name you have. Can't write. Accept my little pres" (273).

The "essence of vulgarity" and lechery is captured as the narrator both describes, and sexually stimulates, Boylan in his verbal display:

> Boylan, eyed, eyed. Tossed to fat lips his chalice, drankoff his tiny chalice, sucking the last fat violet syrupy drops. He spellbound eyes went after her gliding head as it went down the bar by mirrors, gilded arch

> for ginger ale, hock and claret glasses shimmering, a spiky shell, where it concerted, mirrored, bronze with sunnier bronze. (265)

It is this passage rather than Miss Douce's smacking garter that rouses Boylan. Though it is not his stream of consciousness he responds as though it were: "Come on to blazes, said Blazes Boylan, going." He has indeed, to quote Lenehan's crudely contrasting and inadequate language, "got the horn," as the narrator intended he should. (266)

Having, it seems, almost played out the possibilities of the stream of consciousness, and underlined its limitations, the narrator assumes full control in "Cyclops," moving into his first impersonation as he takes on the speech of a low class Dublin bar hopper: eloquent, vicious, and cliched, to demonstrate the power of a prejudiced reporter.[25] Not content with this he introduces a variety of rhetoric, emphasizing the one-eyed-view it presents, and its refusal to yield an inch to character or circumstance. In this chapter Bloom is not only open to the assault of cruel, narrow minded Dubliners, to which at least he can make rebuttal, but to the assault of even more cruelly prejudiced language, against which, deprived of his stream of consciousness, he has no comeback. He is described in the harshest of terms by the Dubliners, with pejorative words that seek to lessen him: "I saw his physog do a peep in and then slidder off again." (300) It is against Bloom's religion and politics that the Citizen launches his fiercest attacks, but it is the little man's attempt to

command language which draws down on him most of the Narrator-as-Dubliner's abuse: "And then he starts with his jawbreakers about phenomenon and science and this phenomenon and the other phenomenon" (303); "And Bloom, of course, with his knockmedown cigar putting on swank with his lardy face. Phenomenon! The fat heap he married is a nice old phenomenon with a back on her like a ballalley" (304). When Bloom attempts to explain Dignam's widow's position it is language which trips him up when he substitutes the wife's "admirers" for "advisors." "Then" as the narrator complains with renewed vehemence, "he starts all confused mucking it up about the mortgagor under the act like the lord chancellor giving it out on the bench . . ." (311). He offends simply by using language: "Bloom was talking and talking with John Wyse and he quite excited with his dunducketymudcoloured mug on him and his old plumeyes rolling about" (329). And when he is asked for a definition language fails him:

> - But do you know what a nation means? says John Wyse.
> - Yes, says Bloom. (stalling for time no doubt)
> - What is it? says John Wyse.
> - A nation? says Bloom (still stalling) A nation is the same people living in the same place.
> - By God, then, says Ned, laughing, if that's so I'm a nation for I'm living in the same place for the past five years.
>
> (329 Parentheses added)

Language through the deliberate prejudice of the narrator is relentlessly controlling Bloom and character/reader reaction to him throughout the chapter.

The ludicrous situation of a character caught up in a rhetorical style, and his helplessness to overcome that style, is vividly illustrated in the language of the Mock Epic, Archaic Epic, the Bible, Hansard, journalese and medical jargon. However serious, pathetic, or heroic the situation, language can deflate. F. L. Radford, describing the technique of "Cyclops" notes: ". . . we are constantly invited to consider how our response to what is said is shaped by how it is said."[26] Journalese and cheap literary styles turn the execution of the revolutionary into a sideshow. Mention of Molly calls forth a prose saga on her beauty and chastity, and Bloom's attempt to preach love results in a paragraph of graffiti. Even his last valiant stand, where biblical language raises him to heroic and prophetic heights, must suffer the deflation of an abrupt change in language as he ascends "to the glory of the brightness at an angle of fortyfive degrees over Donohoe's in Little Green Street like a shot off a shovel." (343)

Gerty MacDowell is a perfect example of a character controlled by narrative tone and technique of language. The romantic magazine schmaltz, the "namby-pamby jammy marmalady drawersy (alto la!) style"[27] of "Nausicaa" should not be attributed, as is customary even by the most discerning of critics, to Gerty's unspoken thought.[28] Arnold Goldman cautions: "The cento of romantic clichés . . . is hardly to be considered the actual reportage of Gerty MacDowell's speech, stream of consciousness, or even mode of perception,"

and considers it a parody of the way ". . . certain sub-literature presents certain material."[29] Considering that in the preceding chapter Joyce has just given a virtuoso performance of his skill with rhetoric, and in the succeeding chapter is about to give another, demonstrating his skill with literary styles across the vast expanse of English language and literature, it is unlikely that the concentration in this episode would be on the parody of one species of sub-literature. Kenner describes the technique as adhering to "The Uncle Charles Principle," which is to say that ". . . the narrative idiom need not be the narrator's." Since this however would attribute to Gerty's idiom such unlikely thoughts as: ". . . in that simple fane beside the waves, after the storms of this weary world . . ." (351-2), Kenner hastens to add that "Joycean syntax may mirror the priorities of a character we needn't think of as framing the sentence."[30] This is indeed a most apt description of the process that is taking place in "Nausicaa," but does not explain whose idiom is being presented. However feigned it be, or for whatever purpose, it must, despite Kenner, be termed the narrator's. The blending of his idiom with Gerty's actual thoughts is so obvious as to provide the humour of the chapter:

> Inclination prompted her to speak out: dignity told her to be silent. The pretty lips pouted a while but then she glanced up and broke out into a joyous little laugh which had in it all the freshness of a young May morning. She knew

right well, no-one better, what made squinty
Edy say that. . . . (347)

The pitfall for the reader is the assumption that it is entirely Gerty's thought. But it is not just the reader who is being manipulated; Gerty, too, is victim. A simple action is reported in highly elevated language which forces her into the world of fantasy. If she resists, the narrator imposes his will: "Gerty wished to goodness that they would take their squalling baby home out of that and not get on her nerves no hour to be out and the little brats of twins. She gazed out towards the distant sea." It is the language of the narrator, not Gerty, which has introduced the romantic note. On this occasion she tries to fix her thoughts on practical, unembroidered, remembered things: the rain washing pictures off the pavement, the clouds gathering, the beam of the lighthouse on the hill of Howth, the church music, the smell of incense. . . . But the narrator persists with greater romantic emphasis: "And while she gazed her heart went pitapat." (355) Immediately she is plunged into her role as mercilessly and as helplessly as the masturbating Bloom.

This method of character control joins with the reader control of "Cyclops" to achieve even greater effect in "Oxen of the Sun." Using a pastiche of literary styles ranging from Anglo-Saxon through practically every literary era to the twentieth century, Joyce illustrates how the telling of an event is as important as the event itself,

and how it affects reader reaction. Styles distort and refashion; representing the cycles of generations that have lived ". . . they come, muttering thunder of rebellion, the ghosts of beasts. Huuh! Hark! Huuh! Parallax stalks behind and goads them . . ." (411). Bloom is unable to break the restrictions imposed on him by the narrator's choice of language. When Mulligan insults both him and Molly by offering his sexual services: ". . . Pray sir, was you in need of any professional assistance we could give?" he is forced, lest he make an issue of the matter, to give thanks by the demands of the eighteenth century prose of Addison, in whose web he is caught: "Who, upon his offer, thanked him very heartily, though preserving his proper distance . . ." (400-401).

Characters change under the linguistic influence, and however aptly the description suits the character in another style, it falls far short of the actual. Mulligan is a "spry rattle" (401); Lenehan is "a kind of sport gentleman that went for a merryandrew or honest pickle . . ." (395).

The style of Pepys is best suited to present the birth of the Purefoy child as a doubtful blessing:

> 'Tis her ninth chick to live, I hear, and Lady day bit off her last chick's nails that was then a twelvemonth and with other three all breastfed that died written out in a fair hand in king's bible. Her hub fifty odd and a methodist but takes the Sacrament and is to be seen any fair Sabbath with a pair of his boys off Bullock harbour dapping. . . . (395)

The style of Dickens transforms this to an event that gives joy even in heaven:

> She had fought the good fight and now she was very very happy. Those who have passed on, who have gone before, are happy too as they gaze down and smile upon the touching scene. Reverently look at her as she reclines there with the motherlight in her eyes, that longing hunger for baby fingers (a pretty sight it is to see), in the first bloom of her new motherhood, breathing a silent prayer of thanksgiving to One above, the Universal Husband. (417)

The viewpoint changes with style, and the event is shaped accordingly.

Echoes of the terrible loneliness of the wanderer in the Anglo-Saxon poem adds tremendous pathos to Bloom's outcast state: "Some man that wayfaring was stood by house-door at nights oncoming. Of Israel's folk was that man that on earth wandering far had fared. Stark ruth of man his errand that him lone led till that house." (382) The Anglo-Saxon short syllable words and alliteration emphasise Bloom's sheer and simple pity for, and his isolation among, men. Perhaps no other language could express it better. Most poignant of all is the realization that nothing remains of that Anglo-Saxon Wanderer but his language, and only through it does his memory live. Under the control of Bunyan's language Stephen's deepest and most fearful thoughts on his lost religion, which until now he has not admitted, are revealed:

> But was young Boasthard's fear vanquished by Calmer's words? No, for he had in his bosom a spike named Bitterness which could not by words be done away. And was he then neither calm like the one nor godly like the other? He was neither as much as he would have liked to be either. (392)

Anthony Burgess, in commenting on this chapter, speaks of ". . . the inability of the language in the past to encompass the referents of the present" which gives to the chapter a sense of "humourous hopelessness."[31] But this is to ignore the fact that despite archaic language "Oxen of the Sun" is operating in the present, not hopelessly, but with method and effect.

It seems inevitable that the narrator should eventually move into the overt stage direction of "Circe." He embraces all the conventional techniques ranging from Shakespearean terseness to Shavian verbosity[32] and goes far beyond. Taking advantage of the fantasy of "Circe" his directions stretch across time and space, and contain symbolism which drowns out the voice of the character. The birth of Bloom's eight sons who are immediately appointed to ". . . positions of high public trust in several different countries . . ." and whose names contain symbols of wealth, demonstrates, and inevitably mocks, Bloom's deeply hidden desires and is typical of the fiendish narrator of "Circe" (465). His choice of words and intimate knowledge of the apparitions make it obvious that the narrator is not merely recounting events which materialize unbidden from the character's subconscious or hidden conscious thoughts, but is assisting in their conception. Who but he knows the names and behaviour of Mrs. Dignam's five children? Certainly not Bloom, judging from his many references at the funeral to "the boy" whom Ned Lambert

identifies as "the eldest boy" (104). Motifs and scenes are repeated, which have occurred earlier, beyond the perception of either Stephen or Bloom: the lacquey, who has so annoyed Simon Dedalus, clangs his bell (493); the one-legged sailor appears (515); a voice is heard calling as Simon earlier called: "Hold that fellow with the bad breeches" (483); Gerty speaks in the idiom of romantic literature (433) and the Reverend Hugh C Haines Love M A, who is unknown to Stephen or Bloom appears and plays out his role (527).

It is the narrator who organizes and selects the fantasies. Mindful of every word and action, however minute, he conjures them into being to torment and terrify the characters. He is not content to handle the stage directions but must be director as well, and despite the characters' right of dialogue, his power is dictatorial. Since no sequence of thought or action is necessary, or even desirable, he is free to intrude, where and however he chooses. Mrs Breen and Bloom may talk of past events and reminisce on the "dear dead days" only so long as the narrator permits. As the moment approaches when their intimacy will be revealed, Bloom savours the memory and she waits the recall with excitement: "Mrs Breen: (Eagerly) Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes," but the narrator intervenes: "(She fades from his side . . . .)" (437) Such a narrator justifies Stephen's claim in the opening scene of "Circe" that universal language should be

confined to gesture.

The distortion of language in "Eumaeus" has regularly come under fire from the critics. Budgen voices the popular opinion when he writes: "The journey home is described in the language of tired men. Sentences yawn, stumble, become involved and wander into blind alleys."[33] Edmund Wilson is even less complimentary when he supposes that Joyce "intended the colourless and tiresome episodes ["Eumaeus" and "Ithaca"] to set off the rich and vivid ones. . . ."[34] S. L. Goldberg goes even further: "'Eumaeus' . . . seems to me one of the weakest sections of the book, though not only for the reason usually given -- that it is too boring a way of expressing boredom. As well as that . . . it seems to distort Bloom's character."[35] This is a serious charge indeed, but the answer, which the critics have overlooked, not only vindicates Joyce's apparent debasing of Bloom, but adds to the episode that zest and humour in which it is considered so deficient: in "Eumaeus" neither Bloom nor Stephen are ever heard; the two characters who speak their lines are imposters, ventriloquist's dummies, through whom the narrator attempts to control the character and deceive the reader as Ulysses, in disguise, deceives Eumaeus.

It is an episode where language is constantly to be distrusted as it gives rise to bogus figures, mistaken identities, and illusions. The sailor is not what he claims to be; Skin-the-Goat is concealing his true identity; and the jarvey is not Henry Campbell. Contrary to the

newspaper report, Bloom was at the Dignam funeral but Stephen and C. P. McCoy were not. And the two figures who go off in the low backed car can not possibly be Bloom or Stephen. The speakers then must be suspect. French talks of the use of "circumlocutions and euphemisms to deal with basic things."[36] This is the narrator's attempt to impersonate Stephen's and Bloom's weary condition, but what he and the majority of the chapter's critics overlook in accepting the language solely as an objective correlative for their condition, is that fatigue and drunkenness may result in impaired speech, muddled thoughts, and inane topics, but does not change character traits or style of speech.[37]

Bloom is guilty of neither the affected, flourishing, rambling style, nor the unpleasant prejudiced sentiments attributed to him throughout the chapter. It is difficult to reconcile gentle, tolerant, kindly Bloom with the character who persistently attributes unworthy motives and values: to Corley as being a hanger-on; to Mulligan: ". . . it wouldn't occasion me the least surprise to learn that a pinch of tobacco or some narcotic was put in your drink for some ulterior object" (541); to the sailor's wife as being untrue; to the half idiocy of the whore, who on another occasion, as he admitted, was smart enough to have him "decked" (552, 288); and to the sailor whom he suspects of swigging the ship's rum and hunting for females. There is none of Bloom's compassion in the man who coldly assesses

Corley's "chronic impecuniosity" and decides ". . . he had a consummate amount of cool assurance intercepting people at that hour . . ." (539); or who wonders how the whore ". . . a wretched creature like that from Lock Hospital, reeking with disease, can be barefaced enough to solicit . . ." (553)

The pseudo-Bloom tries hard. He uses cliché-ridden language in the awareness of Bloom's similar tendencies, failing to note, however, that most often Bloom's clichés have the unusual effect of broadening, rather than stultifying meaning. "Time enough" (72) has reverberations through the novel, and through Bloom's life and day: time enough for Boylan to have his way; time enough for Bloom to savour the drugged existence of "Lotus Eaters" before the fate in "Hades" is upon him; and time enough for the recycling of generations through the ages. "Once in a blue moon" used in "Nausicaa" picks up the motifs of the Virgin that have been running through the chapter, while it suggests the pagan femininity of Gerty. Cliche in "Eumaeus" however falls like a rock into the muddied swirl of language. But the narrator seems oblivious to the discrepancies. He chooses passages very akin to those he has heard Bloom use. Obviously he has been privy to Bloom's thoughts on the faces that Howth hill has seen pass before it through the generations. He attempts something in a similar vein. Bloom ponders: "All quiet on Howth now. The distant hills seem. Where we. The rhododendrons. I am a fool perhaps. He gets the plums and I the plumstones.

Where I come in. All that old hill has seen. Names change: that's all. Lovers: yum yum. Tired I feel now" (374). Pseudo Bloom also ponders:

> . . . while Howth with its historic associations and otherwise, Silken Thomas, Grace O' Malley, George IV, rhododendrons several hundred feet above sea-level was a favourite haunt with all sorts and conditions of men, especially in the spring when young man's fancy, though it had its own toll of death by falling off the cliffs by design or accidentally . . . (548)

The argument that the second is a fatigued Bloom is answered in the last line of the first soliloquy. Yet the success of the narrator's impersonation may be judged by the majority's acceptance of the speech as Bloom's.

In his impersonation of Stephen the narrator is more wary. "And that one was Judas, said Stephen, who up to then had said nothing whatsoever of any kind" (535). And very wisely too. It is easier to imitate the cliched thought patterns of the pragmatic, self-educated Bloom, than to imitate the artistic thought of the intellectually inclined Stephen. Part of the joy of "Eumaeus" lies in the discovery of the devious ways in which "Stephen" tries to keep out of the conversation, and flounders when he is cornered. The narrator is sufficiently well acquainted with Stephen's thinking to attempt the fraud, but cannot, without Stephen's help rise to his heights of scholarship. Over and over again he misquotes, and, when he attempts descriptive passages, painfully diminishes the artist's style.[38] Consider Stephen's rhythm of thought patterns in

his image of home: "Memories beset his brooding brain. Her glass of water from the kitchen tap when she had approached the sacrament. A cored apple, filled with brown sugar, roasting for her at the hob on a dark autumn evening." (16) Compare it to the other Stephen:

> Stephen's mind's eye being too busily engaged in repicturing his family hearth the last time he saw it, with his sister, Dilly, sitting by the ingle, her hair hanging down, waiting for some weak Trinidad shell cocoa that was in the sootcoated kettle to be done so that he and she could drink it with the oatmeal water for milk after the Friday herrings they had eaten at two a penny. . . . (540)

Comment is unnecessary, other than to note that "busily engaged" seems to contradict any plea of fatigue. This is a clever hoax. The reader is deceived and disappointed, the character is "possessed." "Sounds are impostures," Stephen says, "like names . . . what's in a name?" (543) In "Eumaeus" Stephen and Bloom are names only. Mr Podmore, also a name, suggested by the pseudo-Stephen, is a well known spiritualist who conjures up fake images.[39] So too the pseudo-Bloom, who ushers his friend from the shelter, speaks the words of a spiritualist: "Come, he counselled, to close the seance." (580) while Stephen feels ". . . a strange kind of flesh of a different man approach him, sinewless and wobbly and all that" (581). The characters created by the narrator are not the true Stephen and Bloom. They are the two figures in black who go off talking of usurpers "in their low backed car" as the genuine pair "walk towards the railway bridge" (586). It is strange

that in this delightful episode the greatest deceit of all is the one that has been overlooked.

In "Ithaca" the narrator, as though in atonement for the fraud perpetrated on the reader in the previous episode, offers a chapter where no voice can mimic another. The impersonal catechetical answer and response seems to ensure truth. French notes that "Ithaca" presents ". . . a series of irrelevant parallels, contrasts, quantitative relations, and intermeshing of totally inane crossing points," and suggests that ". . . the narrator is mocking the reader for his desire to find significances and convergences.[40] But even more the reader is mocked for the ease with which his judgements and emotions may be manipulated, as he trusts in the honesty and objectivity of the catechetical style of presentation. In this chapter the narrator allows no character to speak, while every thought passes through his censoring shaping hands. Just how removed from objectivity this style is and how it influences the reader can only be deduced by refusing to accept the high stylization, and questioning the intention of each response. The report of Bloom's refusal to accept the Dedalus's invitation to dine is more than mockery; it is the narrator emphasizing Bloom's weaker points, his self abnegation, and the over effusiveness of the outcast in response to kindness (600).

Stephen suffers similar exposures. His suggestion for the advertisement for writing paper is a merciless attack

on Stephen's love of self dramatization, and his inability to communicate. The message passed between the couple in the little scene of suggested intrigue is, "In sloping, upright and backhands," nothing more than a repeated doodling of the name of the hotel (605). This catechism is not objective. It is often harsh and cruelly prejudiced. Stream of consciousness is no longer direct, but, as with Father Conmee and Mr. Kernan, reported. The thinly veiled ridicule under which both Conmee and Kernan collapse to become figures of fun, is even more potent in "Ithaca.":

> Why did Bloom refrain from stating that he had frequented the university of life?
> Because of his fluctuating incertitude as to whether this observation had or had not been already made by him to Stephen or by Stephen to him. (603)

Although the narrator is barred from Stephen's stream of consciousness, he succeeds in mocking him too, through Bloom's perception: "What impeded Bloom from giving Stephen counsels of hygiene . . . ? / The incompatibility of aquacity with the erratic originality of genius" (593). It is therefore a measure of Stephen's and Bloom's stature that they survive the onslaught without loss of dignity. It shall indeed be argued later in this essay that during their vigil in Eccles Street, they achieve greater maturity and move towards fulfilment. Here their ability to rise above the narrator's insidious deflation, as they strive to regain control of language is alone worthy of comment. As with the stream of consciousness, their reported conversation is also subjected to merciless exposure:

> What fragments of verse from the ancient Hebrew and ancient Irish languages were cited with modulations of voice and translation of texts by guest to host and by host to guest? By Stephen: "suil, suil, suil arun, suil go siocair agus, suil go cuin (walk, walk, walk your way, walk in safety, walk with care). By Bloom: Kifeloch, harimon rakatejch m'baad l'zamatejch (thy temple amid thy hair is as a slice of pomegranate). (608)

But beneath these apparently meagre and irrelevant offerings of ancient Irish and Hebrew, with which the narrator hopes to amuse the reader at his victims' expense, lie hidden depths. The words of Stephen's song are a reassurance and a blessing for Bloom, and, as part of a song in which a young person determines: "Round the world I'll beg my bread / I'll make my parents wish me dead," they express the artist's resolution to break with the ties that bind him, and seek fulfilment elsewhere. Bloom's words express his admiration for the person and intellect of Stephen, who bears the same stamp of the "highbrow" as Joyce himself. They reflect too, Bloom's turning towards the temple of his fathers with pride and acceptance. Both men's growth becomes obvious, even as they learn to defeat the narrator at his own linguistic games.

Nor does the reader escape manipulation in "Ithaca." The question and answer format gives the illusion that emotion has been left aside, but if the reader too, has been learning the lesson of Ulysses, he can resist the narrative tone and style, to become aware of the deep emotional undercurrent which is even more effective for its concealment.[41] Coincidence of converging thoughts on the

incidents in the Queens Hotel offers Bloom the ideal moment to confide in Stephen the facts of his father's suicide, but his reluctance to bare the wound is hidden beneath the glib front of language: "Did he depict the scene verbally for his guest to see? / He preferred himself to see another's face and listen to another's words by which potential narration was realised and kinetic temperament relieved." (606) It is a most effective way to conceal or to convey emotion. Bloom's isolated and lonely existence is never so pointed as when the narrator in detached tone, reports the few occasions on which he has previously communicated with others. The exact dates, names, and places suggest Bloom's treasuring of the memory of these moments. The underplay of emotion has, as always, the effect of more powerfully touching the sensitive observer, and emphasising the poignancy of the situation. The narrator uses irrelevant details, digressions, and humorous recall in his attempt to conceal the true tension in that drab little kitchen in Eccles Street, as the two men grope towards maturity, but the reader who has learned through the painful process of Ulysses, and has sufficient insight to break free from narrative control and read the subtext will find that he too knows greater fulfilment. All this, however, can only be realized in retrospect, when the final scene has been enacted.

Critical response to "Ithaca" has indicated that the reader more often than not finds himself groping, as Bloom

drifts off to sleep, and leaves the unhatched egg, the wordless symbol of something about to be given birth, on the printed page. Then narrator, technique, and point of view are encompassed, in the inimitable style of Molly, within the firm and capable control of her soliloquy where deceit of language is dealt with summarily, and, to borrow a Bloomism, "once and for all." Molly pours out every thought as it passes through her mind in a pure stream of consciousness unlike any that has gone before.[42] Yet through this soliloquy the reader learns how language may be trusted and controlled.

She demonstrates that language is not in itself deceitful. Her views of Poldy, though unexpected at times, never contradict anything that he has previously said or done. She completes his portrait "so much so" J. H. Raleigh believes "that if the Penelope section had been left out we would not only have lost, to our sorrow, Molly Bloom, we would have lost as well the whole, true, and final Bloom".[43] She confirms statements he has made: "yes because the day before yesterday he was scribbling something a letter" (660); "the day I got him to propose to me yes first I gave him the bit of seed cake out of my mouth" (703). She fills in gaps he has left or rectifies his misapprehensions, explaining, for example, that her intense concentration during his lecture on Spinoza at the Gaiety was, in fact, a concentration on how she might disguise an unexpected onset of menstruation. Molly herself is honest. The discrepancy

in the number of times that she claims Boylan "must have come" "3 or 4 times" (663), "4 or 5 times" (684), "5 or 6 times" (701), cannot be labelled as either untruth or exaggeration. It is merely indicative of Molly's intense dislike of any type of restriction or calculation by rules and numbers.[44] She twice miscalculates her own age: "for the 4 years more I have of life up to 35 no Im what am I at all Ill be 33 in September" (672). Actually she will be thirty four in September. She is not deceitful: "I hate that pretending" (672), and has so little tried to deceive Bloom that he knows the exact time she will cuckold him.

The controversial issue of her previous faithfulness to Poldy, highlights her revelation of the deceit of language in previous chapters as being dependent on the speaker, the tone and the technique. The image of Molly as the great adulteress has been so firmly established that the unlikely list of suitors which Bloom considers in "Ithaca," including "an Italian organgrinder," "an unknown gentleman in the Gaiety Theatre," and "a bootblack at the General Postoffice," has been accepted as correct (652). E. R. Steinberg is voicing the opinion of many leading scholars when he claims that Molly ". . . can only repeat endlessly with different men the routine of love-making."[45] Others have defended her, claiming, as Father R. Boyle does, ". . . that Molly's actual sexual experience is indeed limited."[46] It is only in her soliloquy that the reader first begins to doubt the impression of promiscuity

and immense sexual appetite that has been associated with Molly in the previous chapters. Unexpected prudery is evident: "those brazenfaced things on the bicycles with their skirts blowing up to their navels" (667); "because her bumgut fell out a nice word for any priest to write" (672). There are indications that she has a highly romantic and fantasized view of love and sex: "theres nothing like a kiss" (661-2); delights in getting love letters (679), on occasions writing them to herself; imagines being embraced by a priest "in his vestments and the smell of incense off him" (662); or a "sailor off the sea" or "one of those wildlooking gipsies in Rathfarmham" (699). It is not for any of the men of her acquaintance that she longs. Indeed she finds the actual sex act unsatisfactory: "and no satisfaction in it pretending to like it till he comes and then finish it off myself anyway," (661) and slightly revolting: "making us like that with a big hole in the middle of us like a Stallion driving it up into you because thats all they want out of you with that determined vicious look in his eye" (663).

Her opinion of her "suitors" is invariably low, and though she considers their overtures, she does not cite any actual encounters. Menton, she recalls, "had the impudence to make up to me one time well done to him mouth almighty and his boiled eyes of all the big stupoes I ever met" (660). Indeed it is remarkable that the only man she seems able to compare with Boylan is Bloom, deciding, "Poldy has more

spunk in him" (663). As the honesty of Molly's language gradually convinces, the reader finds himself turning back to reconsider the truth of the evidence against her, and in doing so to consider how he has been deceived.

There are only four specific instances in previous chapters, where Molly's promiscuity and persistent faithlessness is suggested. The most damning, Bloom's list of suitors, is another of the glib "facts" of "Ithaca" that is highly questionable. There is no evidence that Poldy thinks of the men on the list as other than the "wife's admirers" as his Freudian slip in "Cyclops" suggests.[47] In "Hades" Menton remembers Molly: "She had plenty of game in her then." Molly gives the true story on Menton's approach (quoted above), and the bravado of his remark hitherto unnoticed, becomes clear. Lambert's reply: "- Has still," must be considered however. Closer examination of Lambert in "Hades" reveals his fondness for gossip and the smart quip. Bloom notices that he wears brightly coloured clothes, but they are dyed (112). It is a clue to his language: colourful but untrue. Flynn's innuendoes exist only in Bloom's troubled imagination (172), and Molly's final accuser is Lenehan. He is a clown who abuses language consistently: age is "the accumulation of the anno Domini" (130); laughable is "O my rib risible" (131). He uses foreign phrases, puns on language with jokes and riddles, and forms palindromes. His version of the encounter with Molly is more probably the distorted one. Molly, not even

aware that she has been accused, has established her innocence; but of even greater moment, she has established the potential deceit, but essential honesty, of language.

Perhaps one of the most outstanding features about Molly is her manipulation of language. It is evident in the contradictory nature of her thought, which French describes as "logically ridiculous".[48] Molly is in control. She will not be chained and fashioned as Stephen, Bloom, and the others are by the words and style allotted her. Her character will dictate her language at all costs. She reviles Poldy for "doing his highness to make himself interesting to that old faggot Mrs O'Riordan," and then her mercurial temperament forces the language to turn back on itself a few minutes later: "still I like that in him polite to old women like that" (559). Molly is consistent. There has been no change in character, or even in her basic attitude to Poldy or Mrs O'Riordan. She has simply adjusted her language concerning them.

She uses symbols for numbers in place of words. They will have no part in language since their only function is to limit and measure. Letters, on the other hand, are creative and communicative and are treated with respect. This is particularly pointed in one instance when she brings both together, and rejecting the more usual form of "two w's" represents it as "2 double yous" (679). Even a quarter which has become more word than number in common usage is returned to symbol (668). Words are used

regardless of tongue if they enhance the meaning. The Spanish 'mirada' conveys more than the look which Mr. Cuffe gave her: it also suggests, in the mirror association, both her reflected responding glance and her mirror awareness of her pleasing appearance. The 'vague' fellows in Spain are the gipsy 'vagos', but also become the vague, wandering people of their race and the dim figures in the shadows. The 'serene' watchman is the Spanish 'sereno' but evokes the image of the calm and gentle Spanish evenings.

A most significant and effective sign of Molly's control of language is her rejection of punctuation.[49] If she wishes to abort a thought in midstream the language must co-operate, and must pick up any half phrases plucked out of her memory though it make nonsense of itself: "little chits of missies they have now singing Kathleen Kearney and her like on account of father being in the army and my singing the absentminded beggar and wearing a brooch for lord Roberts when I had the map of it all and Poldy not Irish enough" (669). Later references fill in the blanks but only when Molly decides. Her run-on style is most effective in extending meaning and impression, when, despite correct word order, the thought of one sentence overflows into another. It is impossible to erase the impression that Molly slapped the face of the haughty Mrs Joe Gallagher in public, when she reflects on Milly: "answering me like a fishwoman when I asked her to go for a half a stone of potatoes the day we met Mrs Joe Gallagher at the

trottingmatches and she pretended not to see us in her trap with Friery the solicitor we werent grand enough till I gave her 2 damn fine cracks across the ear for herself take that now for answering me like that" (689). Though it is almost immediately obvious that it was Milly she chastised the first delightful impression remains. The virile Boylan is made to look ridiculous in the comic confusion of nose and penis with Molly's "dressing and perfuming and combing it" (663). The examples are numerous and hilarious, leaving no doubt of Molly's superiority with words. Hers is the greatest triumph over the deceit and tyranny of language in Ulysses.

Notes

[1] Groden comments however, that though Joyce believed he would complete 'Penelope' in little time and without difficulty "Like 'Circe' both 'Ithaca' and 'Penelope' grew increasingly complex as Joyce tried to write them, and both took longer than he expected." Michael Groden, "Ulysses" in Progress (Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1977), p. 187.

[2] James Joyce, Ulysses (Paris, 1922; rpt. London: Penguin Books, 1960), p. 9. All quotations from Ulysses are taken from this edition and hereafter page numbers will be given within parentheses in the text.

[3] Bernard Benstock. "'Telemachus'," in James Joyce's "Ulysses": Critical Essays, eds. Clive Hart and David Hayman (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1974), pp. 1-16, notes that in "Telemachus" "Joyce chose to play off a still dominant narrative voice [in novel writing], whose inflections could vary with character and situation, against the infrequent but significant instances in which the thoughts of his characters intruded" (p. 5). This view opposes the argument presented here. * Hart and Hayman text hereafter cited as "Ulysses": Critical Essays.

[4] Suzette Henke, Joyce's Moraculous Sindbook: A Study of "Ulysses" (Columbus: Ohio State University Press, 1978), overlooks this subtle interplay when she writes: "Up to this point in the novel [end of 'Hades'], Joyce's use of indirect free style has given us the illusion of unmediated access to the minds of Stephen and Bloom. Joyce as 'incarnate author' has functioned as the voiceless presence behind and above and beyond the text -- present in the mode of absence, but never intrusive as narrator" (p. 114).

[5] Richard M. Kain, Fabulous Voyager (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1947) is indicating the extent of reader deception when he describes Mulligan as a man with a "hearty love of life" to whom all things are pardonable since, like Haines, Kain believes that "his gaiety takes the harm out of it somehow" (p. 104).

[6] James H. Maddox, Jr., Joyce's "Ulysses" and the Assault upon Character (New Jersey: Rutgers University Press, 1978), notes that "The 'Telemachia,' the first three chapters of Ulysses, traces Stephen's attempt to

distinguish between the sense of true self and the poses which he knows to be inauthentic" (p. 19).

[7] Maddox, pp. 26-8.

[8] Maddox, p. 10.

[9] Brook Thomas, "Not a Reading of, but the Act of Reading Ulysses," JJQ, 16 (1978), 84, says that from Hades onwards "Our reading no longer exists solely on a plane of action between ourselves and the characters, but now exists on a plane of action between ourselves and the arranger."

[10] B. J. Tysdahl, Joyce and Ibsen (New York: Humanities Press, 1968), p. 120.

[11] Homer, The Odyssey, trans. Robert Fitzgerald (London: Wm. Heinemann, 1961), p. 141.

[12] Groden, p. 124. Kenner's distinction between narrator as drudge and Arranger seems unwarranted. Hugh Kenner, Ulysses (London: George Allen & Unwin, 1980), pp. 61-71.

[13] Karen R. Lawrence, "'Aeolus': Interruption and Inventory," JJQ, 17 (1980), 390.

[14] Groden, p. 113.

[15] Marilyn French, The Book as World (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1976), distinguishes between the narrator and the writer of the captions, describing the two as a comedy team "in which neither plays the straight man" (pp. 94-5). This is imaginative but robs the narrator of his versatility.

[16] Lawrence, p. 391.

[17] J. M. C. Hodgart, "'Aeolus'." in "Ulysses": Critical Essays, p. 122.

[18] French, p. 126.

[19] Groden, p. 14.

[20] Maddox, p. 145.

[21] Kenner, Ulysses, p. 65, speaks of "the Arranger's difficult personality [which] manifests itself in snares scattered for the reader.

[22] John R. Elliott Jnr., "Fr. Conmee and the Number of the Elect," James Joyce Review, 3 (1959), 62-4; Frank Budgen says of Conmee: "To children and grown ups of all classes he is equally benevolent" p. 122.

[23] Clive Hart, "Wandering Rocks," in "Ulysses": Critical Essays, p. 190, writes: "This narrator is omnipresent, and very much in charge. He is remote, 'behind or beyond' his handiwork, but by no means indifferent. He reports, but rarely condescends to explain, conceals and reveals according to whim, and both we and the characters suffer from his totalitarian dominance."

[24] French, pp. 15 and 127-38.

[25] E. I. Schoenberg, "The Identity of the 'Cyclops' Narrator in James Joyce's Ulysses," Journal of Modern Literature, 5 (1976), 534-39. Schoenberg tries to convince that the unknown narrator is Simon Dedalus, but this is giving no account to Simon's originality with language which raises him beyond comparison with the cliched and repetitious narrator.

[26] F. L. Radford, "King, Pope, and Hero-Martyr: Ulysses and the Nightmare of Irish History," JJQ, 16 (1978), 308.

[27] James Joyce, in Letters of James Joyce, ed. Stuart Gilbert. (London: Faber & Faber, 1957), p. 135.

[28] Suzette A. Henke, Joyce's Moraculous Sindbook (Columbus: Ohio State University Press, 1978), speaks of "Gerty's monologue," p. 156; Maddox speaks of the chapter as "Gerty's thoughts" p. 80.

[29] Arnold Goldman, The Joyce Paradox (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1966), p. 94.

[30] Kenner, Joyce's Voices (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1978), p. 18.

[31] Anthony Burgess, Joysprick (London: Andre Deutsch, 1973), p. 123.

[32] See Shaw's stage directions for the entrance of Gilles de Rais in Saint Joan which relates not only his past life but his future. George Bernard Shaw, Saint Joan, introd. A. C. Ward (London: Longmans Green & Co., 1957), p. 72.

[33] Budgen, p. 249.

[34] Edmund Wilson, Axel's Castle (London: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1932), pp. 216-7.

[35] S. L. Goldberg, The Classical Temper (London: Chatto & Windus, 1961), pp. 257-8.

[36] French, pp. 208-9.

[37] Henke, arguing that the language of 'Eumaeus' is necessary to demonstrate the difficulty of establishing relationships, still considers that Joyce "does not spare us any of the tedium or irritation involved." p. 210.

[38] Weldon Thornton, Allusions in "Ulysses" (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1961) rewords 'Stephen's' misquote from Virgil's Aeneid without reference to the misquote, Ulysses, p. 537, Thornton, p. 431. Thornton, p. 449, in reference to the first epistle to the Hebrews (568), writes: "There is, of course, only one Hebrews in the Bible." Thornton, p. 458, notes Stephen's misquote from Sadler and Peacham (582), and Thornton, p. 459, comments on the 'approximate' translation of p. 583.

[39] Thornton, p. 433.

[40] French, pp. 222, 227.

[41] Most critics see this chapter as shorn of emotion. Stuart Gilbert, James Joyce's "Ulysses" (London: Faber & Faber, 1930), p. 362, claims that Joyce's technique here is to scatter false sentiment; Douglas Knight, "A Reading of Ulysses," ELH, 19 (1952), 72, reads it as Joyce's indication that neither Stephen or Bloom are to be trapped by the sentiment of the Dubliners; French, p. 238, seems to stand alone in her argument that it has proven to be a most effective way of conveying emotion.

[42] Kenner, Ulysses, p. 148, says of "Penelope": ". . . there is no style: for once, no style."

[43] John Henry Raleigh, "Bloom as Modern Epic Hero," Critical Inquiry, 3 (1977), 594; Groden, p. 53, writes: "Molly's monologue, the 'indispensible countersign' to the portrait of Bloom, presents both facts and attitudes without which the enormous picture of Bloom from his own and many extrinsic points of view would remain decidedly incomplete."

[44] It will be discussed later in this thesis how, at a deeper level of meaning, Molly's dislike of restriction, her contradictions, and her use of numbers are linked to Brunonian philosophy. In this section the discussion discusses these features at the more surface level of the actual language employed.

[45] Erwin R. Steinberg, "A Book with a Molly in it," James Joyce Review, 2 (1958), 58; Kain, p. 100, speaks of "her lovers"; Morse believes "She is a dirty joke. No one regards her as anything but a whore." J. Mitchell Morse, "Molly Bloom Revisited," in A James Joyce Miscellany, 2nd. series, ed. Marvin Magalaner (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1959), p. 140; Harry Levin, James Joyce (New York: New Directions, 1941), p. 126, suggests that the 'cold statistics' of "Ithaca" must be accepted as an account of her twenty-five lovers.

[46] Fr. Robert Boyle, "Penelope" in "Ulysses": Critical Essays, p. 413. Kenner argues that this is Molly's first adulterous encounter. Hugh Kenner, "Molly's Masterstroke," JJQ, 10 (1973), 19-28.

[47] Kenner, Ulysses, claims that ". . . this list is a list of past occasions for twinges of Bloomian jealousy." p. 142.

[48] French has this to say of Molly's contradictions: ". . . next to her interest in sex, this is the characteristic Joyce most emphasises. Surely the author's point is clear: it is contradictions that are destroying Stephen, while Bloom is spending all his time trying to resolve them, but they fall like rain from Molly's ample shoulders." pp. 249-50). French's point in regards to Stephen and Bloom is well taken, but she underestimates the significance of these contradictions in relation to Molly.

[49] Goldberg, p. 296, is unjust when he speaks of the ". . . absence of punctuation unsuccessfully macquerading as the flux of consciousness. . . ." Joyce has hitherto managed his stream of consciousness very well without recourse to such measures.

CHAPTER II.

FATHER, SON, AND SPIRIT: "PENELOPE" AND THE COMPLETION OF THE TRINITY

It has become a commonplace to describe one of the major themes in Ulysses as the search of father for son and son for father, but it is all too simple to see Bloom as the father, deprived of his son Rudy, moving through Dublin to keep a spiritual tryst with Stephen, the son who has rejected his consubstantial father and seeks a substitute. Nor does the meeting appear to entail the communion that such a long anticipated and neatly arranged event would warrant. Stephen's and Bloom's entanglement with distorted father-son images, related in Stephen's case to his heritage of family, religious, and national ties at war with the heritage of his art, and in Bloom's to his grief and guilt over lost father, son, and nation, clouds their vision, destroying the fruitfulness of their existence as they peer distractedly behind and before, avoiding the necessary open-eyed plunge into the darkness of the human condition wherein true vision is ultimately granted. Only by accepting the father-son combination within each of them, recognizing that man can only be truly father when he has experienced being son, and son only when he knows what it is to be father, will Stephen and Bloom find fulfilment through the spirit which is both cause and effect of their communion. The spirit of truth and light is revealed by Molly in her soliloquy, and through spirit the mystery of the father-son

relationship is understood and the trinity is complete. Within this human trinity lies the unity of man, essentially individual and separate though he be. Molly as spirit has intuitive vision denied the two men as long as they resist the recognition and acceptance of the duality of their roles. Hers is the vision of Moses permitted only his frustrated view of the Promised Land from Mount Pisgah, yet granted in his darkest hour a truer and more lasting vision of reality than those who ate the promised fruits.

Bernard Benstock is correct when he argues that despite the many father-son allusions in "Telemachus" there is little evidence that Stephen is in quest of a father or that his quest can be taken at a literal level.[1] Although Benstock does not note it, there is evidence that Stephen has actually rejected his consubstantial father and has no desire to find a conventional father figure to replace him. At no time during the day does he cross his father's path, and in a city so intimate as Dublin this requires some manoeuvring. He passes close, but though he must realize the probability of his father's presence in Paddy Dignam's cortege, he makes no effort to locate or greet him.

Stephen seems rather, deliberately to avoid encounters with, or even consideration of, Simon Dedalus. When his thoughts turn unbidden in that direction, he abruptly cuts them off. In the library he recalls the words of Hamlet's ghost, "List! List! O List! / . . . If thou didst ever . . ."[2] and abruptly interrupts himself with speech

before the line can be completed. "If thou didst ever thy dear father love" is a sentiment he wishes to avoid. When Haines mistakenly believes that Stephen has proven himself to be the ghost of his own father, Mulligan doubles up in laughter at the idea and equates such a scene with a sentimental novel in which a son literally goes off in search of his father. "O, shade of Kinch the elder!" he cries, "Japhet in search of a father!" Stephen is offended at this. He ignores Mulligan and uses the royal plural with cold aloofness to Haines, refusing to comply with his request, "We're always tired in the morning . . . And it is rather long to tell" (24).

Only once does Stephen, despite all his musings on paternity and sonship, allow himself to think on Simon Dedalus in particular, and then it is as ". . . your old fellow. The widower." at once rejecting Simon as father figure, disclaiming him with the pronoun, and distancing him with the objective description. The widower's only claim to Stephen's attention is his former relation to a dead mother. Stephen recalls the occasion when they hurried to her deathbed: "I touched his hand. The voice, new warmth, speaking." Obviously there has been little previous contact or warmth, and only shared grief brings them close. It is a sharing which cannot last, as Stephen knows, "The eyes that wish me well. But do not know me." Immediately the thought is followed by one of Stephen's more passionately sincere sentiments, and given honest narrative support and

description: "A father, Stephen said, battling against hopelessness, is a necessary evil" (207).

Stephen rejects paternity as a legal fiction declaring, "Fatherhood in the sense of conscious begetting is unknown to man" (207). In "Proteus" he thinks of his own conception:

> Wombed in sin darkness I was too, made not begotten. By them, the man with my voice and my eyes and a ghostwoman with ashes on her breath. They clasped and sundered, did the coupler's will. From before the ages He willed me and now may not will me away or ever. (43)

Edward Duncan, in rejecting Wilson's theory that Stephen's lecture in "Scylla and Charybdis" concerns the relation between Shakespeare and Stephen's father, maintains that "Most other Joycean critics make a similar mistake in concentrating on the father-son relationship which is largely incidental to the main theme, the relationship between Hamlet and his mother, between Shakespeare and Ann Hathaway, and between Stephen and his mother." Stephen is indeed concerned with the relationship to his mother, but Duncan is wrong to consider emphasis on the father-son relationship a mistake. Sonship is Stephen's theme, and he is not only disclaiming sonship with Simon Dedalus, he is rejecting everything towards which he feels a weight of allegiance. Mother Church, symbolized by his mother's ghost, looms spectrally over him, and to her ghastly image he cries in anguish, "No, mother. Let me be and let me live" (16). His nation, Mother Ireland, calls him, and he turns from her in disgust. She is a pitiful creature for whom he

feels only contempt. She is symbolized in the old milkwoman with shrunken paps to whom Stephen listens in "scornful silence." "She bows her old head to a voice that speaks to her loudly, her bonesetter, her medicineman; me she slights" (20). Stephen equates her with Ireland in the same way that he equates Haines with England: "-Well? Stephen said. The problem is to get money. From whom? From the milkwoman or from him. It's a toss up, I think" (22). In "Circe" she reappears as old Granny Gummy, "the old sow that eats her farrow" (524).

Yet deep within him Stephen longs for a father-son relationship. He believes that there is a consubstantial relationship that has nothing to do with blood ties. Fatherhood is ". . . a mystical estate, an apostolic succession from only begetter to only begotten" (207). It is for this reason that he dwells at such length on the Shakespeare-Hamlet relationship. William M. Schutte believes that "'Shakespeare' is Stephen's excuse for devoting himself frantically to Art and for rejecting those personal attachments and group loyalties on which alone a living society may be built."[4] But surely for Stephen, Art would be sufficient excuse in itself. What Stephen looks for in Shakespeare is a <u>father</u>-in-art. Shakespeare is more of his substance than is his own father. He believes that "His own image to a man with that queer thing genius is the standard of all experience, material and moral. Such an appeal will touch him. The images of other males of his blood will

repel him. He will see in them grotesque attempts of nature to foretell or repeat himself" (196), and he speaks of Shakespeare's Art as ". . . a voice heard only in the heart of him who is the substance of his shadow, the son consubstantial with the father" (197). Shakespeare is the father he would claim, but it does not seem to be enough to satisfy the father-son craving within him. Shakespeare is a ghost, by his death and by his proven oneness with Hamlet's ghost. "-What is a ghost? Stephen said with tingling energy. One who has faded into impalpability through death, through absence, through change of manners" (188).

He is further confused in his sonship to Art by the treatment from the literary men of his day. They pointedly ignore him as they discuss the young writers who will attend Moore's meeting, to which even Haines and Mulligan have been invited. He longs to be accepted, to be one with them, not realizing that his separateness is essential. J. Mitchell Morse believes that "Dedalus can be saved only by overcoming the need for acceptance."[5] Stephen is deeply hurt by the ostracization and compares himself to "Lir's lonèliest daughter," once again equating Art to fatherhood. He looks at the group and sees "I you he they;" but never "we" (209).

In the library, time and time again, he touches directly on the truth; "Gravediggers bury Hamlet 'père' and Hamlet 'fils'" (212): father and son are one, but he does not perceive it. S. L. Goldberg considers his seeming

ambivalence as stemming from the fact that "Stephen's theory of Hamlet points to Joyce's fundamental belief that as an artist he could have his cake and eat it too."[6] But this is shifting the blindness from Stephen to Joyce and doing less than justice to both in the process, since Stephen's genius lies in his ability to come to the heart of the matter even when his intellect blinds him. He argues on the fatherhood of Shakespeare that ". . . he was not the father of his own son merely, but, being no more a son, he was and felt himself the father of all his race, the father of his own grandfather, the father of his unborn grandson . . . ," and Mulligan with his quick shrewdness picks up on Stephen's point as Stephen himself does not appear to do, "- Himself his own father. Sonmulligan told himself" (208).

Stephen cannot see beyond his own mockery. He has set himself to make the older scholars look foolish, to irritate and confound them, as the heavily charged narrative vocabulary in "Stephen sneered," and "Stephen said superpolitely," indicates (184-5). He constantly admonishes himself: "Unsheathe your dagger definitions" (186); "Work in all you know" (188); "I think you're getting on very nicely. Just mix up a mixture of theologicophilolological" (205). His theory is just that: a mixture of God and the Word, Father and Son, but the great irony of the chapter is that he does not see it. It is himself he confounds. His most honest answer is to Eglinton's question "Do you believe your own theory? -No,

Stephen said promptly" (213). He admits to himself "Sufflaminandus sum," "I ought to be stopped (205),' and later reveals the compulsion he feels to pursue his arguments when he asks himself "Are you condemned to do this?" (208) and urges himself on "But Act. Act speech. They mock to try you. Act. Be acted on" (211). He calls himself "Lapwing," disguiser of secrets,[7] and equates himself with deceivers, "I am tired of my voice, the voice of Esau" (211). The son who deceives the father is here a particularly good analogy for the man who deceives himself.

But once again Stephen is unaware of the profound truth that underlies his words. He does not recognize that his consubstantiality with Shakespeare is more than an acceptance of him as father-in-art. Earlier in the day Buck Mulligan clowns, and mocks Stephen's theories: "He proves by algebra that Hamlet's grandson is Shakespeare's grandfather and that he himself is the ghost of his own father" (24). Mulligan is deliberately confusing the issue. Is it Shakespeare or Hamlet who sees himself as the ghost of his father? Haines points up the ambiguity with further confusion, "-What? Haines said, beginning to point at Stephen. He himself?"[8] It is indeed the beginning of much pointing to Stephen as Hamlet, Shakespeare, and, by virtue of Stephen's own theory, Hamlet's ghost. When Haines emphasises the resemblance between the Martello tower and Elsinore, Mulligan, all at once, sees Stephen as Hamlet, father and son, and, aware of the spirituality of the

relationship, his ever ready tongue is silenced: "Buck Mulligan turned suddenly for an instant towards Stephen but did not speak" (24). Eglinton, though not fully convinced by Stephen's arguments, is nevertheless led by them to see the light when Stephen himself does not. "Judge Eglinton summed up." "-The truth is midway, he affirmed. He is the ghost and the prince. He is all in all." But Stephen is blind to the truth and reinterprets, "-He is, Stephen said. The boy of act one is the mature man of act five" (212). The irony of the librarian's comment, "I hope Mr Dedalus will work out his theory for the enlightenment of the public (196)" has come full circle. There only remains Stephen's enlightenment.

Stephen's strong sense of an ideal father-son relationship finds an outlet in the parodic creed (197-8) based on the Sabellian heresy to which he again later refers, ". . . the Father was Himself His Own Son" (208). The heavily religious associations further complicate and highlight Stephen's problem. In "Circe" he sees himself as Christ, the Son, and second person of the Trinity. He has touched fleetingly on it in "Proteus": "Come. I thirst" (56), but in the later episode the relation becomes overt. Crucifixion images surround the soldiers' attack on Stephen: "The midnight sun is darkened. The earth trembles. The dead of Dublin . . . arise and appear to many" (526). This is taken almost verbatim from the answer to the question in the Maynooth catechism "What happened at the

death of Christ?" which is "At the death of Christ the sun was darkened, the earth trembled, and the dead arose and appeared to many." When Lynch deserts Stephen he cries, "Exit Judas. Et laqueo se suspendit" (527). He carries his ash plant like a cross, and when Bloom refers to it as a stick, he corrects him, "Stick, no" (528). Bloom at once picks up Stephen's meaning and watches by the cross as Stephen lies senseless: "Bloom holding his hat and ashplant stands erect . . . . Silent, thoughtful, alert, he stands on guard . . ." (532).

Linked to the problem of the father-son relationship is the mystery of the Trinity. Each of the heresies Stephen earlier calls to mind questions its nature, but it is the Sabellian heresy which equates Father, Son, and Spirit that Stephen finds the most subtle.[9] Twice he refers to Sabellius in such terms: ". . . the subtle African heresiarch" (27), and "-Sabellius, the African, subtlest heresiarch of all the beasts of the field . . ." (208). Gifford notes the latter reference as springing directly from the biblical quotation "Now the serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made."[10] Stephen is therefore at once condemning the Satanic quality of the heresy but admiring the wisdom it contains. It is a heresy with which Stephen finds it very easy to identify in some mysterious way, a feeling that is further strengthened by his natural tendency to identify with Lucifer. That Stephen holds the Trinity sacred can be inferred from

Mulligan's mockery of it as "He hacked through the fry on the dish and slapped it out on three plates saying: '-In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti.'" (18). Mulligan mocks all that Stephen holds dear.[11] He is the materialist who would reduce all spiritual things.[12] Stephen's awareness of the Trinity and of something missing in his confused father-son images, surfaces, as do many other subconscious thoughts, in "Circe," when Stephen calls for "The hat trick! Where's the third person of the Blessed Trinity? (524) In the Holy Trinity the Spirit is the recognition and love of the Father for the Son and the Son for the Father. In the human trinity it is also the symbol of the father-son acceptance, and by its nature brings more spiritual insight into the human condition. So it both creates and is created by man's awareness of self. Stephen's rejection of his fellowmen is indicative of the lack of spirit within him, and until he accepts all men as sons and fathers, becoming father and son to them in turn, he will not be touched by the spirit, nor find unity within himself.

There is little doubt that Bloom is well established as father in search of a son, though for the greater part of the day he is unaware of his longing. He has lost his son Rudy eleven years previously and it is only through Stephen that his feelings surface. The first real indication of his need comes with the sight of Stephen from the funeral coach. Simon Dedalus is incensed and Bloom reflects: "Full of his son. He is right. Something to

hand on. If little Rudy had lived. See him grow up. Hear his voice in the house. Walking beside Molly in an Eton suit. My son. Me in his eyes" (90). His attraction to Stephen before they meet is obvious. Mulligan observes it with typical mockery: "-The wandering jew, Buck Mulligan whispered with clown's awe. Did you see his eye? He looked upon you to lust after you. I fear thee, ancient mariner. O, Kinch, thou art in peril. Get thee a breechpad" (217). Bloom is not aware of what urges him to follow Stephen to the brothel. "What am I following him for?" (439) but continues to dog his footsteps at great personal inconvenience. R.P. Blackmur speaks of Bloom's "less than conscious wish" to meet Stephen.[13] It is only in the closing moments of "Circe" that his hidden longing is revealed and Bloom comprehends his attachment to the young man. As he stands guard over Stephen the figure of Rudy materializes, obviously conjured from Bloom's visions of Stephen as son. It is significant, however, that Rudy does not recognize Bloom as father but "Gazes unseeing into Bloom's eyes . . ." (532). He is dressed in outlandish costume indicating Bloom's rather ridiculous and pathetic attempts to dress him for a role, and mocking Bloom's secret longing to have Stephen also play the role. Like Cinderella's ugly sisters there is no possibility of Stephen stepping into Rudy's glass shoes which will fit only their rightful owner.[14]

Bloom's pain over Rudy's death is more for his failure as father than for the loss of the deformed child "neither one thing nor the other" (696), at whose death the midwife could honestly say "God is good, sir" (68). But the foolishness and futility of the search for a specific individual to create fatherhood is soon to be underscored in "Ithaca" as Bloom considers the irreparability of the past:

> . . . once at a performance of Albert Hengler's circus in the Rotunda, Rutland square, Dublin, an intuitive particoloured clown in quest of paternity had penetrated from the ring to a place in the auditorium where Bloom, solitary, was seated and had publicly declared to an exhilarated audience that he (Bloom) was his (the clown's) papa. (617)

Relentlessly the catechism continues: Was the clown Bloom's son?" and the answer is the briefest in the chapter: "No." The past cannot be recovered or repaired, and Bloom must let go of Rudy and his substitutes.

Bloom's feeling of failure as father is emphasised by the loss of Milly. His love and concern for her is evident. He reads her letter four times and phrases from it recur to amuse and worry him throughout the day. It is he who has arranged for her to be in Mullinger, "such an idea for him to send the girl down there to take photographs" (687), yet obviously he misses her. When he thinks of her first birthday away from home his comment is brief but eloquent, "Separation" (68), and he equates her with Molly whom he loves deeply, "Molly. Milly. Same thing watered down" (91). Though he seems to have considered it a necessary

sacrifice for her good, he cannot rid himself of the feeling of guilt,[15] as his musings indicate: "O well: she knows how to mind herself. But if not? . . . . He smiled with troubled affection at the kitchen window" (68-9).

Bloom's fretted paternity is suggested in his link with the unhappy ghost of Hamlet's father. Pondering the flow of Shakespeare's language he misquotes: "Hamlet, I am thy father's spirit / Doomed for a certain time to walk the earth" (152). During the library scene when Hamlet holds centre stage, Bloom moves about, indistinguishable, in shadow, "patient silhouette waited, listening" (200), ". . . a bowing dark figure . . ." (201), "A dark back went before them" (217). He thinks in the idiom of the ghost that "Jack Power would a tale unfold" (162), and in "Circe" O' Molloy declares that "If the accused [Bloom] could speak he could a tale unfold . . ." (446).[16]

Bloom's greatest claim to fatherhood, and the one of which he is least aware is his great humanity. He recognizes suffering in others and he sympathizes. He passes a small boy collecting skins and observes: "A smaller girl with scars of eczema on her forehead eyed him, listlessly holding her battered caskhoop. Tell him if he smokes he won't grow. O let him! His life isn't such a bed of roses!" (72) He thinks sympathetically of Dilly Dedalus (151), and worries about Mrs. Purefoy's long lying-in (160-61). He is deeply wounded by Power's caustic comment on suicides, "The greatest disgrace to have in the

family," but it is not on Power's inhumanity he broods, but on Cunningham's kindness, "Sympathetic human man he is. Intelligent. Like Shakespeare's face. Always a good word to say," and in spite of his own pain he has pity to spare for this man whose drunken wife is "Leading him the life of the damned" (98). He sees the sins of men, yet he accepts them: "Poor old professor Goodwin. Dreadful old case. Still he was a courteous old chap" (65); he considers the dishonest way in which penniless barmen like Larry O' Rourke make enough money to open their own flourishing establishments, and though they will not even oblige him with an advertisement, he does not condemn: "Cute old codger. No use canvassing him an ad. Still he knows his own business best" (60). His tolerance makes him the outsider in the narrow-minded atmosphere of "Cyclops" where nothing but contempt is shown for "Bloom with his 'but don't you see?' and 'but on the other hand'" (304).

He is repeatedly scorned and humiliated but he forgives. He forgives Menton in the graveyard, allowing himself only the wry comment, "How grand we are this morning" (116); he forgives the newspaper boys who mimic him, later pondering their action without rancour (373); he forgives everyone who slights him for being Jew and cuckold; most magnanimously of all he forgives Molly and Boylan. It is then only just, that when he has been most vigorously attacked and humiliated by the vicious Citizen he be called by "a voice out of heaven," the Father himself, and ascend in glory to

his reward (343). Bloom's humanity makes him a worthy father to all men; but he cannot see it.

What is less obvious in Ulysses is Bloom's role as son. Thoughts of his father, however, occur more frequently and emotionally than thoughts of his son. In the opening chapters the first thought of Rudy is brief: "She knew from the first poor little Rudy wouldn't live . . . He would be eleven now if he had lived" (68). He allows himself a moment of grief as "His vacant face stared pitying at the postscript," but immediately his thoughts are once more swamped with thoughts of Milly. His first thoughts of his father affect him more deeply: "Poor papa! . . . Nathan who left his father to die of grief and misery . . . Poor papa! Poor man! I'm glad I didn't go into the room to look at his face. That day! O dear! O dear! Ffoo" (77-8). This last cry is a repressed shuddering sob as he thinks of himself as the unworthy son, Nathan, who left his father to die.

In "Circe" it is not images of Rudy that haunt him, but threatening and mocking ghosts of his father and grandfather. With vulture talons feeling his son's face, Rudolph Virag speaks: "Are you not my son Leopold, the grandson of Leopold? Are you not my dear son Leopold who left the house of his father and left the God of his fathers Abraham and Jacob?" (430-31). His grandfather, unpleasantly related to animal images, is cynical, mocking, and domineering (477 ff). Bloom is strongly presented as

the erring, guilt-ridden son, and son of an erring son.

In "Cyclops" he becomes the Christ figure, the suffering son, rejected and humiliated. The language points the comparison: "Christ was a jew like me;" "By Jesus, I'll crucify him so I will" (340); and Elijah, who is often seen as prefiguring Christ, becomes one with Bloom, as "ben Bloom Elijah" ascends in glory (343). In "Circe" he is the Messiah. He speaks Christ's words when questioned if he is the Messiah: "You have said it." He is asked to prophesy and work miracles; his genealogy is traced from Moses and his name is called Emmanuel; he is stoned and stands in Christ's seamless garment bearing the liturgical sign of Saviour in the phoenix flames of the resurrection, and paraphrases the words of Christ to the daughters of Jerusalem: "Weep not for me, O daughters of Erin" (pp. 465-7).

Bloom is both father and son in his Jewishness; father to all nations, "Sodom, Gomorrah, Edom. All dead names. A dead sea in a dead land, grey and old. It bore the oldest, the first race . . . The oldest people. Wandered far away over all the earth, captivity to captivity, multiplying, dying, being born everywhere" (63), and son to the Patriarchs "his fathers Abraham and Jacob" (431). He betrays this sonship early in the day when he seeks to establish goodwill with his Christian companions by relating a story against a fellow Jew: "That's an awfully good one that's going the rounds about Reuben J. and his

son" . . . "Yes. Isn't it awfully good?" . . . "Isn't it awfully good? Mr Bloom said eagerly" (96). Three times as he tries to tell this story "Martin Cunningham thwarted his speech rudely." It is surprising that Cunningham, at all times noted for his sympathy and humanity, should act thus, unless, perhaps, he is desperately trying to prevent Bloom's obvious act of betrayal, which Bloom himself must realize (96). He redeems himself in the climactic closing moments of "Cyclops" when he regains his self respect and proclaims his faith and nation to the world, but it is unlikely that he would see it in these terms.

He continues to see himself as failed father and unworthy son, though he is much nearer than Stephen to fulfilment as father and son at one with the spirit. Unlike Stephen he does not think in mystical terms. To the extent that he has never consciously accepted his essential fatherhood and sonship he denies himself communion with the spirit, and this is his true pain and outcast state. Bloom's rejection of the spirit is seen, not only in his inability to rise above the pragmatic, but in his treatment of Molly. His pragmatism is evident at all times. His scientific approach, as opposed to Stephen's religious and artistic one, will only permit his seeing manifestations that are beyond the realm of the sense as either physical or mental disturbances: "From which (if any) of these physical or mental disorders was he not totally immune? . . . once, sleeping, his body had risen, crouched and

crawled in the direction of a heatless fire and, having attained its destination, there, curled, unheated, in night attire had lain, sleeping" (613). The body, deprived of understanding, light, and fire, all symbols of the movement of the spirit, simply indicates for Bloom, a sleepwalker.

He visits the church, and there, surrounded by spiritual symbols and values, he solemnly, and without intentional mockery, reduces them to mundane terms. He reads the notice in the church entrance, "Save China's millions," and his reaction is immediate: "Wonder how they explain it to the heathen Chinee. Prefer an ounce of opium." He reflects: "Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious." He compares religions: "Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Jossticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and cross" (81). It is hardly surprising that to him communion is "the thing." Administered with the sign of the Trinity it is incomprehensible to him: "He stopped at each, took out a communion, shook a drop or two (are they in water?) off it and put it neatly into her mouth. . . . Rum idea: eating bits of a corpse why the cannibals cotton on to it" (82). Blind faith to him is the "old fellow asleep near that confession box." In the graveyard it is the fate of the body rather than the soul that intrigues him: "Dreadful. Turning pink and green, decomposing. Rot

quick in damp earth. The lean old ones tougher. Then a kind of a tallowy kind of a cheesy. Then begin to get black, treacle oozing out of them. Then dried up. Death-moths" (110). He considers the practicality of the various forms of burial: "More room if you buried them standing," and the actual process of dying:

> It's the moment you feel. Must be damned unpleasant. Can't believe it at first. Mistake must be: someone else. Try the house opposite. Wait, I wanted to. I haven't yet. Then darkened deathchamber. Light they want. Whispering around you. Would you like to see a priest? Then rambling and wandering. Delirium all you hid all your life. The death struggle. His sleep is not natural. Press his lower eyelid. Watching is his nose pointed is his jaw sinking are the soles of his feet yellow. Pull the pillows away and finish it off on the floor since he's doomed. (112)

This is death in the most practical of terms. There is no sense of death's mystery, of the awesome departure of the life from the body, or of the possible journey of the soul to another plane. It is not merely that Bloom sees the spirit as ceasing to exist with the body, it is as though it never were.

It is rarely considered that Molly suffers from Bloom's treatment of her, since her admitted offences against him are so overwhelmingly evident; but he is as culpable as she. When he plays the role of sonless and failed father, he involves her in his failure. It is he who has removed Milly from her protection. It would seem too, that it is he and not Molly who has been unable to

complete intercourse since Rudy's death, thus frustrating both wife and mother in her.[17] He leaves the way open for her adultery, ensuring that he will be gone for the entire day, and making sure that she knows. He pretends that he is going to the Gaiety to see "Leah." As he reads the notice for it he remembers "I said I," and is too ashamed to admit the rest of his dishonesty and his motives (93). He plans to visit his father's grave in Ennis rather than to accompany Molly on her tour with Boylan. He has the excuse of his father's anniversary, but he is allowing his guilty and distorted sonship to further injure their relationship. Bloom is undoubtedly guilty of sins against the spirit.

Stephen's and Bloom's unconscious awareness of their dual roles surfaces in "Circe." Stephen exhorts himself to "Imitate pa" (480), and Bloom takes part in the play "Vice Versa" in which the theme is the interchanging of identity between father and son (491). When they look in the mirror together they see reflected the face of Shakespeare, father and son to himself and to Hamlet (508). But both men lack sufficient spirit to have a clear vision of reality. They are symbolized by the two old women in the "Parable of the Plums," and, according to Irene Orgel Briskin, "It may be said that the whole of the philosophy on which Ulysses is founded is present in the parable . . . ."[18]

Stephen and Bloom have much in common with the two old women, the frustrated vestal virgins of the parable, who

with much effort climb to the top of Nelson's pillar, the viewpoint of Dublin, and see nothing when they get there. Stephen, the creative artist, corresponds to Florence McCabe, the midwife, who brings new life into the world. Briskin, though she does not relate her to Stephen, has defined one aspect of her as the Fate "Clotho (spinner) who spins the thread of life."[19] Like her, Stephen is still "lourdily" weighed down with the superstitions of religion: the Lourdes' water, given him by the lady, his mother, who received it from a 'passionist father,' the emotional God of wrath and love created by Jew and Christian alike. Bloom, believing in the solid things of life is related to Anna Kearns, who, "Antithesis" to her companion, relies for comfort on her stout Double X.[20] Apostate Jew, Bloom eats the crubeens, flesh of the forbidden pig, and like the sister Fate, Atropos, is concerned with death. In "Hades" as has been noted, he ponders its every aspect deeply, considering even, the horror of Dignam's being buried alive: "And if he was alive all the time? Whew! By Jingo, that would be awful!" In those moments he, like Atropos, sees death as preferable to life, and his cry of "No, no: he is dead, of course. Of course he is dead," echoes both his relief and the implacability of death (113). Bloom's inflexibility, which the name Atropos denotes, is often commented upon by Molly: "he's so pigheaded" (669); "Poldy pigheaded as usual" (674).

The bread and brawn which the old women purchase are symbolic of the two men. Bloom is associated with bread on a number of occasions: he is Molly's daily bread ". . . but she prefers yesterday's loaves turnovers crisp crowns hot. Makes you feel young" (59). Molly does not hide her preference for "those fine young men" (697). When she first sees Boylan and is attracted to him, she is eating "plain bread" with Bloom (666). Bloom looks at himself in the bath and repeats the words spoken over the bread during the Liturgy of the Mass" "This is my body" (88). Brawn, defined in the Oxford dictionary as "meat pressed into a mould" is very descriptive of the way Stephen feels. He is striving to break out of the mould that Ireland, England, Church and family would fit him into. He is also in danger of fitting himself into the mould of the intellectual artist:[21] he role plays; has "Paris fads:" and resents the old woman's failure to see him as bard (20). In the library his role playing is continuous.

The vestals, in parody of the wise virgins who wait patiently with oil stored, for the bridegroom and his spiritual light, spend their wealth in getting themselves to the top of the pillar to peer nervously through the rails at "Dirty Dublin," and lasciviously up at the adulterer. The whole atmosphere is one of voyeurism, exhibitionism, and sexual repression.[22] The phallic symbol of the pillar is emphasized by the adulterer above. But he is a one-handed adulterer immobilized in stone, mocking the secret desires

of the old women. They, "elderly and pious," have lived out a vicarious existence in Fumbally Lane, which name conjures images of the fumbling that goes on there "Against the wall" (145). Now they are out for a closer sight of the Promised Land: "On now. Dare it. Let there be life" (145). But they see little, high above Dublin, at their conqueror's feet.

They must eat the bread and moulded meat of a life not fully lived. They pull up their skirts, but can only "settle down on their striped petticoats, peering up at the statue of the onehandled adulterer" (148). They cannot see properly. To look either up or down bothers them, so blindly and mechanically, without any evident appreciation, they devour, "one after another" the ripe plums, the fulness of life, and allow the rich wholesome juice to dribble out of their mouths. Then they cast the stones on the rocky ground of Dublin beneath: seeds that fall upon stony ground. M. J. C. Hodgart notes this and the many other references to Matthew found in "Aeolus."[23] The number of the plums suggests that they are the ones taken from the pie in the nursery rhyme, already referred to on three occasions (70, 70, 76). Stephen has described how the women bought them at the foot of the pillar, but in a one line paragraph: "WHAT? - AND LIKEWISE - WHERE?" Crawford insists on asking "Where did they get the plums?" No one has an answer for him (149),[24] but he has succeeded in emphasizing the importance of the question. In place of

the sweet and juicy plums which the old women have appropriated, the pie is filled with blackbirds, symbol of evil and the perversion of the vestal virgins. The maid well deserves to have her nose snapped off, as, like the old women with their striped underwear, she hangs out her washing in public. Stephen and Bloom, exhibitionist and voyeur, are no less to blame, as they allow much of the true values of life to dribble out of their mouths in a restricted view of themselves and the reality of existence.

It is small wonder then that there is no sign of communion when Stephen and Bloom meet, though critical opinion is sharply divided on this point. There are those like Edmund Wilson who believe that "It is possible that Molly and Bloom, as a result of Bloom's meeting with Stephen, will resume normal marital relations; but it is certain that Stephen, as a result of this meeting, will go away and write 'Ulysses.'"[25] Others agree with Maurice Beebe that "There is Leopold Bloom, whose quest for a spiritual son is juxtaposed against Stephen's search for a spiritual father. But when Bloom and Stephen finally meet at the end of the day, there is little evidence that either has succeeded."[26] Still others would agree with Marilyn French who speaks of two moments of communion between the men, but believes "The significance of these moments of rapport is not something we can estimate. We surely cannot say that meeting each other will change the life of either."[27] Richard Kain, in a comprehensive study of opinions, lists

ten major types of readings that have been proposed by various scholars. He himself opts ". . . for the area of ambiguity . . ." which ". . . best reflects the richness and mystery of life."[28]

The evidence in "Ithaca" seems to be overwhelmingly against a communion between the two, but most critics seem to forget Joyce's promise that the last word would be given to Molly.[29] It is only in "Penelope" that the mystery may be defined. Richard Ellmann links Molly with Stephen and Bloom in a Holy Family and in a "human (as opposed to a divine) trinity."[30] What is made clear in this comparison is the spiritual link among the three, but Ellmann neglects to define in his chapter on "Lay Sanctity" Molly's spiritual role in either family or trinity. So much has been said of her unquestionable mother earth image that it is difficult to accept Molly's close affinity with the third Person of the divine Trinity, the Spirit of love and understanding, but through her open acknowledgement and acceptance of her humanity, and her truth to her nature, the potency of her soul is actualized, and the pure knowledge that results is enlightenment. She is the personification of the human spirit as opposed to the divine. This is revealed in her soliloquy through the instinctive spiritual insight which gives her a vision of reality, not granted completely, as yet, to either Stephen or Bloom. It is not conscious deliberation, but it pervades her thinking with its light.[31]

Molly presents Bloom as the Everyman and Noman which he is. As Everyman he is Adam, and when she imagines Stephen waking sleepily in Bloom's house, seeing her, and not knowing her from Adam, she comments: "very funny wouldnt it Im his wife" (701). Like Adam, "the first man going the roads . . . theyre all made the one way" (672). 'He" and 'they' become synonymous terms: "theyre so weak and puling when theyre sick" (659); "what do they ask us to marry them for" (665); "what was he doing there where hed no business they can go and get whatever they like from anything at all with a skirt on it" (667). She reveals him as Noman: "hes not natural like the rest of the world" (666); "hes beyond everything" (675). When she wears her old clothes "they know you've no man" (672). She wishes he would smoke so that he might "get the smell of a man" (673), and she says that he's "like that Indian God" (693). She can truthfully say of Bloom "I know every turn of him" (702).

Her picture of Stephen is so unlike the Stephen of previous chapters as to seem absurd, yet there is profound truth in it. Her misleading memory of him as "an innocent boy then and a darling little fellow in his Lord Fauntleroy suit and curly hair" is followed by the perceptive observation "like a prince on a stage" (696). Perhaps, as there is still much of Hamlet in Stephen, there is also, equally well hidden, much that is innocent and darling. It must be remembered, after all, that he is a role player. Buck Mulligan mocks him: "God, we'll simply have to dress

the part" and hands him his Latin Quarter hat (23). The thought of his hat and his role playing returns to him on the beach (47). Molly is "sure that hes very distinguished" and with her unique control of language, pinpoints his great belief in himself as creator: "Id like to meet a man like that God" (697).

She compares him to the fine young men "standing up in the sun naked like a God or something and then plunging into the sea" (697). The idea of the hydrophobe Stephen plunging into the sea would be ridiculous, were it not that its association with the naked sun God creates a symbolism, suggesting that Stephen the artist-God may well be in danger of plunging, like Icarus, to his doom into the "scrotum-tightening sea," the "almighty mother," "a toil of waters," which will drown him in sentiment and remorse, engulfing forever his objective creativity and his concept of the dedicated, single-minded artist. Molly then immediately likens him to the statue of Narcissus, a young man too much in love with himself to respond to the love of others, thus touching on a weak spot in Stephen's make-up. Her highly romanticized vision of a poet languishing with love and writing poems to her, is not to be scoffed at. There is much more of the Romantic beneath Stephen's pose as Classical artist than he cares to admit. She sums up his behaviour in the library very aptly when she says "theres many a true word spoken in jest" (681). Her final plan for him to take a lover and mistress and become famous suggests

that Molly's knowledge of Stephen is next only to God's -- or Joyce's. Yet J. Mitchell Morse writes: "What intuitions come to Molly Bloom? None of any freshness, truth, or value."[32]

There is little need to illustrate Molly's earthy representation of the spirit of love. For her there is "nothing like a kiss long and hot down to your soul" (662), and love indeed for her "fills up your whole day and life (679). Yet she is aware of the pure love of the Spirit seen in the sacrifice of Christ on the cross: "It must be real love if a man gives up his life for her that way for nothing I suppose there are few men like that left its hard to believe it though unless it really happened to me" (688-9). Awareness of the Spirit as her divine counterpart is shown in many ways. She twice makes mention of Whit Monday. It is Whit Sunday which is the feast of Pentecost, the coming of the Spirit upon man, but Whit Monday has become the layicised version of the religious holy day, being celebrated as a national holiday throughout Britain. Molly remarks, "Whit Monday is a cursed day" (686), and considering how it has overshadowed and displaced the greater day of the Spirit it is indeed a cursed day. Molly's next reference makes further use of her linguistic control: "when was it last I Whit Monday yes" (691). Here she equates herself to the earthy and non-religious feast of the spirit. She is human spirit, not divine.

Wind as symbol of the Spirit blows through her soliloquy. Molly is possessed of it. She passes wind on a number of occasions, and in comparing herself with other women reduces them to "sparrowfarts," tiny puffs of wind compared to her own mighty efforts. It is true that Bloom too, passes wind, but he always does so in mockery, however unintentional. Molly's is a wide, free and satisfying gesture as her words imply: "that was a relief wherever you be let your wind go free" (684). She plans to sing "Winds that blow from the south" as an encore to "Love's Old Sweet Song," also significantly related to the Spirit (684). She creates wind, blowing up and bursting her paper bag (682), and she plans to get her big fan mended to create more (684). She opens the window to let the fresh air blow in, though, in her earthy way, she prefers to describe it as "to let out the smell" (689), and she plans to do breathing exercises (671). She also introduces the fire symbol of Pentecost: "I feel all fire inside me" (675).

Molly's combination of earth and spirit is related to her earlier interest in metempsychosis. She herself associates it with the incarnation "that word met something with hoses in it and he came out with some jawbreakers about the incarnation" (675). The sexual connotations she unwittingly brings to the word "met him pike hoses" typifies her earthy but spiritual approach to the divine. In her final "yes I said yes I will Yes," with the last word capitalized as it only is for God and man in the soliloquy,

there are strong echoes of the virgin's acceptance of the power of the Spirit within her. Molly is possessed of that spirit which Stephen so desperately needs, but which his distorted view of humanity denies him. It is the spirit which Bloom does not appreciate, and it is the spirit which breathes the fulness of life into man and completes the trinity. With it comes vision, and Molly's superior vision is shown in her treatment of the essence of "The Parable of the Plums."

Molly has her bread and brawn, but here it is Boylan, bursting with muscle and virility, who is associated with the brawn, a second definition for brawn in the Oxford Dictionary being "muscle," and the link with Boylan becoming cruelly obvious in "Circe":

> Bloom: Eccles Street . . .
> Bello: (Sarcastically) I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world but there's a man of brawn in possession there (494).

Molly's values are clear: she recognizes the true worth of the bread, demanding no less than four slices every morning, and admitting to herself that "Poldy has more spunk in him" (663), while she acknowledges the shortcomings of the brawn: "has he no manners nor no refinement nor no nothing in his nature" (697). In her choice of picnic meats she rejects the more popular brawn in favour of other cold meats, her control of words once more in operation as she points the negative associations with Boylan: "no not with Boylan there yes with some veal and ham" (685). She determines she will have only pure fruit jam, and in

rejecting the "mixed plum and apple" (685) which is the cheap substitute for the more expensive pure plum, she is indicating that the apple, like the first apple, contaminates spiritual values. Later in the episode she reaffirms this, at the same time indicating her awareness of the spiritual in man when she exclaims: "you wouldn't know which to laugh or cry were such a mixture of plum and apple" (702).

Molly possesses the gold of the Claddagh ring, symbol of love, in contrast to the silver and copper of the vestal virgins, and she does not store it unnaturally in a tin box to be coaxed out with the blade of a knife; she finds it clumsy to hold on to, and gives it freely and generously as a love token should be given. Molly's open delight in sexual pleasures is a refreshing improvement on either the furtive perversions of Bloom or the inhibitions of Stephen. Molly's insight to Stephen is greater than his own, and in her reflections on his name she identifies his failure. She considers the names Delapaz and Delagracia which she has heard in Gibraltar. The usual interpretations of these as "of the peace" and "of the grace" is obviously meant to be translated to the less usual but equally correct "from the peace" and "from the grace" as the deliberate use of the English word in the name "Vial plana of Santa Maria," the "vessel full of holy Mary" indicates. Molly compares these names with Dedalus, noting their similarity, and indeed "De la luz" "from the light" is closely connected to the

others. Then she makes her comment of all three: "the devil's queer names" (700), showing her remarkable insight. Stephen turns, like Lucifer, from the spirit of light and peace and grace towards the devil of his tortured intellect.[33]

It is not until the closing moments of "Ithaca" that he and Bloom begin to turn towards the spirit in their growing awareness of the father-son relationship. One of the most unusual aspects of Stephen's behaviour in that chapter is rarely commented on. Having been cared for and protected by Bloom all evening, and having partaken of his hospitality, he proceeds to sing the legend of the Christian boy trapped and murdered by the Jewish girl. At no time during the day has Stephen joined in the Jew-baiting of the narrowminded Dubliners, yet, when it is least deserved, he appears to taunt Bloom with the notoriously unjust claims of the murder of Christian children by Infidels. Not only is this song given in its entirety, but of the numerous songs in Ulysses, (Gifford lists almost three hundred) it is the only one which shares with the mocking "Gloria" in "Scylla and Charybdis" the distinction of musical notation (198).

It is unlikely that Stephen, if he felt trapped by Bloom's insistence that he stay, would reveal his feelings so maliciously. It is much more likely that he is repaying Bloom in some way for his kindness. That there is deep significance in the song's presentation can be inferred

from Bloom's reaction. He listens to the opening verse "With unmixed feeling. Smiling, a jew, he heard with pleasure . . ." (611), though from his thoughts on this legend during the day, it seems likely that he knows the song. His attitude changes, however as it continues and he receives the second part "With mixed feeling. Unsmiling, he heard and saw with wonder a jew's daughter, all dressed in green" (612). Obviously Stephen's message has been received. Trivial injury can be discounted as unworthy of both men. It is not of Christian and Jew alone that Stephen is singing. He likens the boy to puny man challenging his fate:

> One of all, the least of all, is the victim predestined. Once by inadvertence, twice by design he challenges his destiny. It comes when he is abandoned and challenges him reluctant and, as an apparition of hope and youth holds him unresisting. It leads him to a strange habitation, to a secret infidel apartment, and there, implacable, immolates him, consenting. (612-13)

Man must realize that he is victim predestined and accept his fate, the pain and mortality of the human condition. When he resists he will strike out in anger at his fellow man, uselessly and pathetically, unable to recognize, in his isolation, that all men are fellow sufferers. So Stephen's song becomes another "Gloria," but now he sees it is not God who is to be mocked, but man, for his blindness, his prejudice, and his folly.

Most significant of all Stephen is beginning to realize that mankind is one: "One of all" and "least of all." Stephen's rejection of his fellowmen has been one of

the chief obstacles to his awareness of the father-son potential within him. There follow three references to the host as "host (victim predestined)" who is Stephen, "host (reluctant, unresistant)" who may be either Stephen or Bloom, and "host (secret infidel)" who is Bloom. Stephen and Bloom are joined in fellowship in those moments, and recognize their responsibility to all men (612-3). Goldberg writes of Stephen in the closing moments: "The exile of the artist now appears as something other than a mere negative rejection of restrictive values; tentatively, but more truly, it seems to him the achievement of a positive, stable order of the spirit, an emotional balance rather than a mere disengagement."[34] The artistry of Stephen's message to Bloom, presented in poetry and music, emphasised by the complete verses and notation, is indicative of the way in which Stephen will be one with his fellowmen. Through his art, with the help of the new spirit growing within him, he will be father and son to all men, Jew and Christian alike.

Bloom's wonder at "a jew's daughter," all dressed in the green of Catholic Ireland, confirms his recognition of Stephen's message. It is shortly after this that Bloom becomes aware of the irreparability of the past, linked to the fruitlessness of search for a son, in the memory of the clown in quest of paternity. And it is then that he is conscious of a deep desire "to amend many social conditions, the product of inequality and avarice and international

animosity" (617). There is for both men the beginning of growth and a greater vision of the reality of existence.[35] They are open to the spirit, and both gaze at a "visible luminous sign" which is "the mystery of an invisible person . . . Marion (Molly) Bloom, denoted by a visible splendid sign, a lamp" (623). It is then that they have the vision to turn to each other "Silent, each contemplating the other in both mirrors of the reciprocal flesh of theirhisnothis fellowfaces." Molly will comment later that "a mirror never gives you the expression" (670), but this is the true mirror, the image of oneself in another's face. W. Y. Tindall writes: "Mrs. Bloom's window and her lamp constitute a vision of ultimate reality. Casting on the ceiling a pattern of 'concentric circles,' her lamp seems to imply Dante's final vision of the Trinity . . ."[36]

The spirit has touched them and there is hope that they will learn to see as Molly sees. She has the vision of Moses to whom on Pisgah it was surely revealed that the Promised Land towards which he had journeyed so far, was not the arid land of Palestine, but some greater Reality: something within himself. Molly alone, in her ability to see the things of the world at their true value, has the Pisgah sight of Moses. Her insight unravels the knots of Stephen's and Bloom's thought and action throughout the day, and skilfully weaves into more complete patterns the themes of Ulysses. Through her it is suggested, more

effectively than elsewhere, that man, despite his earthly nature, partakes of the spiritual and carries the mystery of Reality within himself "if the God almighty truth was known" (150).

Notes

[1] Bernard Benstock, "'Telemachus'," in James Joyce's "Ulysses": Critical Essays, eds. Clive Hart and David Hayman (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1974), p. 12. This volume hereafter cited as "Ulysses": Critical Essays.

[2] James Joyce, "Ulysses," p. 118. Hereafter page numbers will be given within parentheses in the text.

[3] Edward Duncan, "Unsubstantial Father: A Study of the Hamlet Symbolism in Joyce's Ulysses," UTQ, 19 (1949), 127.

[4] William M. Schutte, Joyce and Shakespeare (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1957), p. 127.

[5] J. Mitchell Morse, "Augustine, Ayenbite, and Ulysses," PMLA, 70 (1955), 1149.

[6] S. L. Goldberg, The Classical Temper (London: Chatto & Windus, 1961), p. 88.

[7] Don Gifford with Robert J. Seidman, Notes for Joyce (New York: E.P. Dutton & Co., 1974), pp. 198-9.

[8] It is generally assumed that Stephen is the Hamlet figure and that Mulligan's "he himself" refers to Hamlet. Suzette Henke, Joyce's Moraculous Sindbook: A Study of "Ulysses" (Columbus: Ohio State University Press, 1978), agrees that "Stephen 'meets himself' in the character of William Shakespeare", p. 69.

[9] Valentine taught that the Creator was not part of the Trinity; Sabellius, that the Father, Son, and Spirit were but three names for the one Being, hence the Father is the Son is the Spirit; Photius, that the Holy Spirit came from the Father and not from the Father and Son; Arius, that the Father created the Son who created the Spirit who created the world, and that each creator is greater than what he creates. Thornton, pp. 24-5.

[10] Gifford, p. 195.

[11] C. G. Jung, "'Ulysses': A Monologue," Nimbus, 2 (1953), 13, notes that "Even in his 'overturning' (not to be confused with 'conversion') Joyce has remained a pious Catholic."

[12] Jane Vogel, "The Consubstantial Family of Simon Dedalus," JJQ, 2 (1965), 114, considers Mulligan as the chief enemy of the spirit: ". . . celebrant of the conversion of spirit to matter. (He cannot even say 'What's wrong?' but must put it, 'What have you got up your nose against me?' and call the ghost of King Hamlet a 'gaseous invertebrate.')" Morse, "Augustine," sees Mulligan as the Arch Tempter and Stephen's foil: "His mockery is a manifestation of that lack of vision which, spiritually, is a lack of being. But Stephen, the Son, in refusing to be identical with the Father, does not become a fatuous mocker; rather, he manifests the vice of Pride, head and fount of all sins and all creativity, and so becomes the Enemy, the self willed exile" 1146.

[13] R. P. Blackmur, "The Jew in Search of a Son," Virginia Quarterly Review, 24 (1948), 112.

[14] There is no evidence to support Vogel's statement that "Rudy Bloom reborn is foreshadowed at the end of 'Circe'", p. 114.

[15] Jane Ford argues that Milly and Bloom have had incestuous relations, but it is much more in Bloom's character to have removed her from the Molly/Boylan situation. "Why is Milly in Mullingar?" JJQ, 14 (1977), 436-49.

[16] As opposed to this argument, Schutte sees Bloom as identified with Shakespeare (p. 127), but Richard Ellmann argues (though with rather doubtful logic) that "Since Hamlet was mostly to be equated with Stephen, Hamlet's father must resemble Bloom," The Consciousness of Joyce (New York: Oxford University Press, 1977), p. 48. Regardless of which argument is correct either Shakespeare or King Hamlet may be seen as the unhappy father figure, wherein lies the major resemblance to Bloom.

[17] Henke, p. 84, notes that "For almost eleven years, Bloom has been sexually paralyzed by the trauma of Rudy's death."

[18] Irene Orgel Briskin, "Some New Light on 'The Parable of the Plums'," JJQ, 3 (1966), 250.

[19] Briskin, p. 243, in her relation of the Fates to the two old women is not comparing them or the old women to Stephen or Bloom. M. J. C. Hodgart also considers the old women as presiding over birth and death, noting their reappearance in 'Oxen of the Sun.' "'Aeolus'," in "Ulysses": Critical Essays, p. 126.

[20] Briskin does not relate Bloom to the Fate.

[21] Frank Budgen, James Joyce and the Making of "Ulysses" (London: Grayson & Grayson, 1934), p. 105, notes Joyce's comment on Stephen: "He has a shape that can't be changed."

[22] Henke, p. 117, writes: "The Dublin virgins, barren and womb weary, unwittingly prostitute themselves to the titillating conqueror."

[23] Hodgart, p. 119.

[24] It is Briskin who draws attention to this odd question by Crawford, though her theory is that the plums are symbolic of the twenty four letters of the Greek alphabet and come from a plum tree, thus defining 'Plumtree's Potted Meat' as a symbol of literature.

[25] Edmund Wilson, Axel's Castle (London: Chas. Scribner's Sons, 1932), p. 202.

[26] Maurice Beebe, "James Joyce: Barnacle Goose and Lapwing," PMLA, 71 (1956), 310.

[27] Marilyn French, The Book as World: James Joyce's "Ulysses" (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1976), p. 231.

[28] Richard Kain, "The Significance of Stephen's Meeting Bloom: A Survey of Interpretations," JJQ, 10 (1973), 159-60.

[29] Stuart Gilbert, ed. Letters of James Joyce (London: Faber & Faber, 1957), p. 160.

[30] Richard Ellmann, "Ulysses" on the Liffey (London: Faber & Faber, 1972), pp. 183-4.

[31] Hodgart, p. 118, prefers to see Bloom as Father, Stephen as Son, and the inspiration of the book as the Holy Spirit.

[32] J. Mitchell Morse, "Molly Bloom Revisited," in A James Joyce Miscellany, ed. Marvin Magalaner (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1959), p. 140.

[33] French, p. 250, notes: ". . . Joyce's point in 'Penelope' as well as elsewhere in "Ulysses" is that the unremitting intellect is the cause of much human torment."

[34] Goldberg, p. 96.

[35] Jung, p. 18, says: "Ulysses is the higher self that returns to its divine home after a period of blind entanglement in the world."

[36] W. Y. Tindall, "Dante and Mrs. Bloom," Accent, 11 (1951), 89.

CHAPTER III.

TIME AND SPACE

In Time and Western Man, Wyndham Lewis has no hesitation in referring to Ulysses as a time-book which ". . . lays its emphasis upon . . . the self-conscious time-sense, that has now been erected into a universal philosophy." This philosophy he attributes to Bergson whose immeasurable duree influenced by Darwinian theory looks forward to Einsteinian space-time.[1] Lewis is not concerned with the truth of the great time philosophy but with whether ". . . in its application it helps or destroys our human arts,"[2] and he is not impressed with Joyce's use of it: ". . . the method of Ulysses imposes a softness, flabbiness and vagueness everywhere in its bergsonian fluidity."[3] It becomes obvious that Lewis has no very clear concept of what exactly Joyce has done with time and space in Ulysses. That Joyce is very aware of Bergsonian theory is one thing, that he sees in it the answer to the time-space dilemma is another. Joyce's treatment of Bergson is unique in that he subjects the philosopher's views to the scrutiny of various enquiring minds: Stephen's, Bloom's, and the author's own. But Bergson is not the only one to receive this distinction; he shares it with other great minds and fares no worse in the process than they. Joyce, the mature artist, avails himself of one golden opportunity for direct comment on the role of the intellect in search of truth.

There is only one episode in Ulysses apart from "Penelope", where Joyce allows neither Stephen nor Bloom to play a dominant role. Half way through the book the principal characters are displaced to make way for the complex wanderings and retracings through time and space which Joyce weaves into the crowded tapestry of the "Wandering Rocks." Here Joyce shakes off the bonds of his characters' perceptions to give rein to his own expression as he parodies the philosophies of Berkeley, Lessing, Vico, and Bergson in a manner which echoes Molly's succinct comment on the theory of Metempsychosis, "O rocks! . . . Tell us in plain words."[4]

Joyce plays with Berkeley's ideas as expressed in A New Theory of Vision, so pertinent to Stephen's thought in "Proteus."[5] Berkeley writes on the perception of space and objects:

> Looking at an object, I perceive a certain visible figure and colour, with some degree of faintness and other circumstances, which from what I have formerly observed, determine me to think, that if I advance forward so many paces or miles, I shall be affected with such and such ideas of touch: so that in truth and strictness of speech, I neither see distance itself nor anything I take to be at a distance. I say, neither distance nor things placed at a distance are themselves, or their ideas, truly perceived by sight.[6]

Joyce, tongue in cheek, takes him completely literally, and "Wandering Rocks" is a ludicrous maze of things seen at a distance, unrecognizable, or mistaken at first glance, and waiting correct identification until the reader finds

himself at the proper viewpoint, which may not occur until hours later, and perhaps in another chapter. A flushed young man comes from a gap in the hedge, and after him a young woman, to be blessed by Fr. Commee (223). It is not until the scene in the maternity hospital that the two are identified as the unworthy Lynch and his girlfriend. A figure is first glimpsed in St. Mary's Abbey (230). "From a long face a beard and gaze hung on a chess board" (230). But since he is actually in the Dublin Bakery Company he is not identified as Parnell's brother until the reader arrives there sometime later (247). Viewing across vistas of both time and space "Lawyers of the past" behold an unknown elderly female (231), who reappears to be identified, it seems, by the phrase "no more young" (235) as the Countess of Belvedere (222). The Countess, however, died in the eighteenth century.[7] A refined accent speaks in the gloom (229) and is later identified as the voice of the landlord distraining for Fr. Cowley's rent (244). The heads of Miss Kennedy and Miss Douce appear tantalizingly, bronzed by gold, at the window of the Ormond Hotel (245), but it is only in the next section that they are recognized as the barmaids. The reader never does catch up with "that particular party" seen by Constable 57C (224). It is not just the reader who is deceived. Tom Kernan, having established his foolishly distorted vision of life, offers his own explanation of Bergson's theory. He believes he sees Sam Lambert over the way "What? Yes. He's as like it

as damn it. No. The windscreen of that motor car in the sun there. Just a flash like that. Damn like him" (239). Master Dignam mistakes Blazes Boylan for a gentleman (250).

Berkeley enlarges on the perception of objects in space; "What we strictly see are not solids, nor yet planes variously coloured; they are only diversity of colours."[8] Joyce throws down the gauntlet with a flourish, as Stephen glances at Almidano Artifoni's trousers, and notes, not as might be expected, their colour, but "the solid trouserleg." This identification of the trousers by their solidity is not accidental; a few minutes later, Artifoni ". . . trotted on stout trousers after the Dalkey tram" (228), and the entire section closes as the Lieutenant Governor receives ". . . the salute of Almidano Artifoni's sturdy trousers swallowed by a closing door" (254). Joyce, both in his concurrence with, and in his direct opposition to, Berkeley's theories, manages to make them appear ridiculous.

Lessing's theories were never dear to the heart of Joyce, and of Stephen Hero he writes: "The treatises which were recommended to him he found valueless and trifling; the Laocoon of Lessing irritated him. He wondered how the world . . . would accept as valuable contributions such [fantas] fanciful generalisations. What finer certitude could be attained by the artist if he believed that ancient art was plastic and that modern art was pictorial. . . ."[9] It must therefore have given Joyce great pleasure to

overthrow, so completely, Lessing's theory that plastic arts are spatial with things following each other in space (Nebeneinander), while literature is temporal, with events following each other in time (Nacheinander). Stephen recalls Lessing's terms as he wanders along the beach, and though he mocks them, "My two feet in his boots are at the end of his legs, nebeneinander" (43), he is unable to refute them. Joyce proves himself well able to do so.

Joseph Frank, speaking of the modern writers, notes the movement towards the spatial form by which ". . . the reader is intended to apprehend their works spatially, in a moment of time, rather than as a sequence . . . ,"[10] and of Ulysses he says: "Joyce composed his novel of an infinite number of references and cross-references which relate to one another independently of the time-sequence of the narrative; before the book fits together into any meaningful pattern, these references must be connected by the reader and viewed as a whole."[11] Nowhere does Joyce illustrate this more brilliantly than in the "Wandering Rocks" section of Ulysses. Jo-Anna Isaak has likened this episode to a cubist painting. Describing the Cubist esthetic she speaks of the fragmentation of the object:

> Cubist pictorial space . . . suggests the addition of the dimension of time to spatial dimensions, since objects are given not as seen at any one moment, but in temporal sequence; that is, to perceive the many views of the object as given would either have required movement by the viewer through temporally sequential positions or movement on the part of the objects depicted.[12]

Then relating this method to Joyce's work, she goes on to say: "But the episode which is most Cubist in nature is not the Cyclops, but the Wandering Rocks. For it is here that Joyce most fully utilizes the new language of discontinuous planes and masses, and we are introduced to a world in which the fixed and absolute are replaced by the indeterminate and relative."[13] Joyce in the "Wandering Rocks" has added to the temporal medium the dimension of space, as objects are presented in a moment of time but from different points of view, demonstrating fragmentation through the parallax which Bloom finds it so difficult to understand. Periods in time recur in various places, giving the effect of simultanaeity. Views of Molly's arm, Corny Kelleher's jet of tobacco juice, the one legged sailor, Parnell's brother, the darkbacked figure scanning the books, Fr. Conmee reading in the fields at Clongowes, the young lady and the elderly lady no more young, are each fragmented and scattered across the pages. There is fragmentation in the reflections as Master Dignam views "Master Dignam on his left" and "on his right Master Dignam (250)", and Mr. Power talks to "the stalwart back of Long John Fanning ascending towards Long John Fanning in the mirror" (247), but the overall effect is one which gives an amazingly detailed and vivid pageant of Dublin life, and makes Lessing's theory that literature, depending on the sequence of language and of events, cannot be spatialized, sound didactic and considerably outdated.

Even a philosopher whom Joyce uses for all his worth does not escape this merciless deflation of the intellectuals. A. M. Klein ably demonstrates the use of Giambattista Vico's New Science in "Nestor,"[14] and following Klein's lead, it is possible to break down the first section of "Wandering Rocks" into the consecutive ages of Gods, Heroes, and Men linked in cycles by regenerating Ricorsos, where the roles are played with ridiculous effect by most unlikely characters, and the double edged sword of Joyce's wit wounds Vico and Dubliners alike.

It will be sufficient to examine here only a few of the cycles (pp. 218-20) to give a good indication of what is to be found throughout.[15] From the start, the age of Gods is represented by Fr. Conmee playing at being God. "The superior, the very reverend John Conmee S. J. reset his smooth watch in his interior pocket. The words of the Preface cross his mind: "It is truly meet, just and right," and the lines that hang unspoken in the air are indeed meet and just in this particular chapter at this particular moment: "in all places and at all times to give thanks to God." Conmee anticipates the gratitude of both the boy Dignam and that pillar of the church, Martin Cunningham. Standing before the religious house of the Sisters of Charity, holding on to his one silver "crown" the very reverend John Conmee blesses the one legged sailor, and brings in the next age: "soldiers and sailors whose legs had been shot off by cannonballs, ending their

days in some pauper ward," but heroes in the fight "for England" as was that other hero Cardinal Wolsey, a less than worthy prince of the church. The age of men is democratically represented by Mr. David Sheehy, M. P. to whom the "God" Conmee shows subservience: "Fr. Conmee was very very glad to see the wife of Mr. David Sheehy, M. P. looking so well and begged to be remembered to Mr. David Sheehy M. P. Yes, he would most certainly call." This ingratiating "call" is far removed from the overwhelming voice of God heard in the thunder by the first men. The ricorso is typically trivial and anticlimactical: Fr. Conmee "smiled yet again in going. He had cleaned his teeth, he knew with arecanut paste." The second cycle follows a similar pattern. Again Conmee is God presented as he "walked and, walking, smiled," once again a weak and pallid contrast to the awesome God of thunder who first drove men in fear and shame to seek refuge in caves.[16] Fr. Bernard Vaughan is the hero "of good family" who speaks with a Cockney accent to another "hero:" "Pilate! Wy dont you old back that owling mob?" The men are three little schoolboys: "And what was his name? Jack Sohan. And his name? Ger. Gallaher. And the other little man?" The ricorso "Master Brunny Lynam ran across the road and put Fr. Conmee's letter to Fr. provincial into the mouth of the bright red letter box," is a repetition in baby language of all the phrases previously used.[17]

God returns as "Fr. Conmee smiled and nodded and smiled and walked along Mountjoy square east." The heroes are Lady Maxwell and Mr. Dennis J. Maginni, professor of dancing, described by Adams as "the fake gentleman,"[18] and splendidly attired in tight lavender trousers. The two meet, appropriately enough, at the corner of Digman's court. Men are represented by Mrs. McGuiness pawnbroker, who has the temerity to look like Mary Queen of Scots. "Well, now!" The ricorso is Fr. Conmee's repetition through his failure to think of a better word: "Such a . . . what should he say? . . . such a queenly mien." And so it continues, a travesty of all that Vico would have envisaged, as men strive to be thought heroes or gods. Only after the final ricorso, the turning of the thin page of the breviary is the portrait of Vico revealed in a cycle unto himself: "Sin: Principes persecuti sunt me gratis: et a verbis tuis formidavit cor meum." Vico was a man subject to persecution from the princes of the Church, and standing in awe of God: a man who may return again.

Joyce's heaviest artillery however, is reserved for Bergson. Shiv K. Kumar in Bergson and the Stream of Consciousness Novel writes: "Unlike Dorothy Richardson, James Joyce's acquaintance with Bergson's thought was neither incomplete nor indirect. He seems to have made an intensive study of the new time-philosophy and realized its importance to the literary artist."[19] However later in his work, Kumar is careful to add: "Although Joyce, unlike

Virginia Woolf, was directly acquainted with Bergson's thought, it does not necessarily imply that his literary experiments show the influence of the philosopher's theories."[20]

In "Wandering Rocks" Joyce has an excellent opportunity to air his knowledge of Bergson's theories whilst deflating and distorting them with puckish glee. Perhaps less a scientist or philosopher than Bergson, but certainly more of an artist, Joyce sees the weaknesses which underlie some of Bergson's more sweeping statements:

> Consider again, a character whose adventures are related to me in a novel. The author may multiply the traits of his hero's character, may make him speak and act as much as he pleases, but all this can never be equivalent to the simple and indivisible feeling which I should experience if I were able for an instant to identify myself with the person of the hero himself.[21]

Kumar sees such identification made in the stream of consciousness novel: "In attempting to seize reality from within, with an unprecedented effort of the imagination, the new novelist ceases to have any 'point de vue' in the traditional sense, as his object is to reproduce, as faithfully as possible, his character's internal rhythms of thought and experience."[22] But Joyce deliberately uses no identification with character, no stream of consciousness in some of the most revealing and touching moments of "Wandering Rocks", while at other moments stream of consciousness is used to frustrate and confuse the reader. At no time do any members of the Dedalus family, apart from

Stephen, reveal their thoughts, yet in the two brief moving glimpses of them, characters are drawn with vivid strokes. All are unique and unforgettable: patient hardworking Maggie, the Martha of the family; gentle Katey, thankful for the crumbs, Mary at the Lord's feet; angry Boody, the rebel, striking out at authority "Our father who are not in heaven;" Dilly, sensitive and timid, craving excitement and culture, but desperate for a bite to eat; and overall, Simon, loud mouthed, good hearted, witty, lovable and totally exasperating. The depravation and frustration of all is portrayed with a poignancy which finds echo in Stephen's despairing "Misery! Misery!" The one legged sailor's bitter resentment and pain is neither spoken of, nor thought of, by him, but is all too evident as he crutches and jerks himself violently along, giving grumbled thanks, sour glance and growl unamiable. The weak impotence and frustration of the blind stripling is evident in his "slender tapping cane," "thewless body," "sickly face" and muttered curse. There is no means of identity with the mad, disturbed Farrel, shunning the light, but, the retracing of steps, the frown thrice noted, the rats-bared teeth and the grinding "Coactus volui" betoken his frenzy and compulsion (249). In no case has the reader been permitted to identify, as Bergson would describe it, with the timeless flux of the characters' consciousness; but the identity is total.

In contrast, the stream of consciousness evidenced in the three characters, other than Stephen and Bloom, in this section is totally confusing. Fr. Conmee seems to be a controversial figure. Is he the warm, vital and humane, epitome of Christian charity that Sullivan sees; the "kindly humanist" of Gilbert, "the spiritual antithesis of material glory;" or "the self-posed posturing mannikin," Adams' "well-pleased clerical pleaser?"[23] It is indeed possible to make a case for each of the contrasting views or for numerous gradings between. How, when the entire passage is one of identity with the character is it possible for so much confusion? Bergson has said that for him, through such identity, "The character would be given to me all at once in its entirety."[24] Joyce contrives otherwise. How valid is the stream of consciousness and the memory of the past in assessment of character when the character is role playing, and the memory of the past "loyal times in joyous townlands" distorted by wishful thinking and refusal to face reality? Master Patrick Aloysius Dignam is less blameworthy as he veils his deepest feelings. His thoughts are honest and the thoughts of any schoolboy. He dislikes the gloomy house and talk of his elders, is proud of his moment of notoriety before his schoolfellows, and thinks with awe of death. He feels a certain sympathy for the departed; "Poor pa," and hopes he has at least made it to purgatory; but of his own feeling for his father, dead or alive, nothing is revealed. Neither love, hate, fear,

resentment or affection are evidenced in any of the boy's inmost thoughts. He is more emotional about his "blooming stud" than he appears to be about his memories of the dead: "His face got all grey instead of being red like it was and there was a fly walking over it up to his eye. The scrunch that was when they were screwing the screws into the coffin: and the bumps when they were bringing it downstairs. Pa was inside it and ma crying in the parlour and uncle Barney telling the men how to get it round the bend" (pp. 250-51). It could be argued that the boy's detachment is his protection against the depth of his grief. It could also be argued that he is heartily relieved to have seen the end of his drunken father. The point is that, despite identification with the boy's thoughts, it can be argued.

Mister Kernan is the only other character favoured with the stream of consciousness technique and though Robert Humphrey may quibble at the use of the word "technique" to describe stream of consciousness, it is certainly apt in this section.[25] Ideas are painstakenly associated: "Times of the troubles. Must ask Ned Lambert to lend me those reminiscences of Sir Jonah Barrington. When you look back on it all in a kind of retrospective arrangement. Gaming at Daly's.[26] No card sharping then. One of those fellows got his hand nailed to the table by a dagger." Very little of Kernan's true feelings are revealed because Kernan does not recognize truth when he sees it. He has an image of himself, grossly distorted,

which clouds all his conscious thought: "I smiled at him: America, I said, quietly, just like that." "Saw him looking at my frock coat. Dress does it. Nothing like a dressy appearance. Bowls them over." Kernan is actually very overdressed for the occasion. "Mister Kernan halted and preened himself before the sloping mirror of Peter Kennedy, hairdresser. Stylish coat, beyond a doubt. . . . Fits me down to the ground." The sloping mirror distorts and flatters the view Kernan has of himself. His cough is more revealing than his confusion of thoughts: "Aham! Must dress the character for those fellows. Knight of the road." "A-ham" indeed! Mistaking highway-man for salesman is only one of many errors. Emmett was beheaded, not drawn and quartered, nor was he buried in Glasnevin since his body was never found; it was not the Lord Lieutenant's wife who drove by to witness the dogs licking his blood but a woman who lived nearby.[27] It is difficult to separate fact from fiction in all Kernan's thinking, and it is extremely difficult to know where his loyalties really lie. Does he consider Lord Edward Fitzgerald to have been on the wrong side, perhaps because he was unsuccessful? The poem he admires damns any unpatriotic Irishman as "a knave or half a slave,"[28] yet Kernan is disproportionately disappointed to miss the cavalcade of his English overlord (238-40). How can identity with the stream of consciousness of such a character be taken seriously? Joyce rests his case.

But he has not yet finished with the philosopher of time. One of Bergson's great concerns is with the confusion that exists within men's minds on the measurement of time. He maintains that it is not time but space that is measured chronologically, and that true time or duration cannot be measured since it is in constant flux. Bergson writes: "Pure duration that which consciousness perceives, must thus be reckoned among the so-called intensive magnitudes, if intensities can be called magnitudes: strictly speaking, however, it is not a quantity, and as soon as we try to measure it, we unwittingly replace it by space,"[29] and he speaks of the habit we have fallen into of counting in time rather than in space.[30]

Joyce seems intent on demonstrating in the "Wandering Rocks" that people in measuring time do not necessarily use space intervals or clock time, and moreover, that they seem to get along very well in space with no measure of it at all. His theory, in direct opposition to Bergson, would appear to be that time is measurable and space not necessarily so. So detailed is the time of occurence of the events in this chapter that Clive Hart is able to draw a chart of each character's position in space for every minute between two-fifty-five P.M. and four P.M.[31] Yet this measurement is possible without reliance on clocks or watches throughout the episode; in fact, Joyce makes a point of putting them out of operation. The only watch in running order is consulted before the chapter opens and Fr.

Conmee's first action is to pocket it. At no time does he consult it again. John Henry Menton holds "a fat gold hunter watch not looked at" (252), Micky Anderson's "all times ticking watches" are useless (252), as are the clocks on Boylan's socks (253). There is distrust implicit in the assistant town clerk's walking "uncertainly, with hasty steps past Micky Anderson's watches" (246).[32] Stephen's sudden praise of "God's clockwork creation,"[33] "Very large and wonderful and keeps famous time" (241) which follows his blasphemous utterances, is no more honest than Hamlet's deceptive words to Polonius with which he caps it. Boylan uses his watch to impress the flower girl, a gold watch held "at its chain's length" and does not record the time with it (226-7). When Lenehan has occasion to record clock time he distorts it to "blue o'clock" (233). Dilly Dedalus avoids marking intervals of time when her father arrives late, "it's time for you," and questions his whereabouts "Were you in the Scotch house now?" (236-7). McCoy's "gold watch and chain" is non-existent and, despite consultation of two clocks, his time is measured ultimately by the race to be run, "After three, he said. Who's riding her?" (232) That is to say "after the race has started" and shortly before Boylan is due to ride Molly: time being measured in relation to both events.

This is the same relativity that is seen in Miss Dunne's treatment of time. Despite her utter boredom, her efforts to pass time novel-reading, and her concern for

release from duty, she never consults a watch or notes present time. She thinks and talks of time on six occasions in her short section, but never with mention of the clock, and always relatively: "after five," "after six," "a quarter after." Mention of the hour is even more relative. She is not really thinking of seven o'clock as a possible hour of dismissal, but she is afraid of being kept late and seven implies an impossible hour. Four has little significance for her, but it has for Boylan who must meet Lenehan in the Ormond at that hour, but is supposed to keep tryst with Molly at the same hour. It is indeed relativity which measures time throughout the chapter. Actions occur, and reoccur within a different context, thus creating further time links, until a complete network is established. Budgen wrote: "To see Joyce at work on the "Wandering Rocks" was to see an engineer at work with compass and slide rule . . . ,"[34] and considering Hart's scheduling of accurate time intervals, this is not surprising.

Joyce goes further in his argument with Bergson, and demonstrates the obvious discrepancy when people do convey space in terms of time, as he claims is the normal practice. Boylan says that Molly lives ten minutes away, while Master Dignam, in ludicrously exaggerated schoolboy terms, comments on the strength of Fitzsimons: "One puck in the wind from that fellow would knock you into the middle of next week, man" (250).

Space, on the other hand, is rarely measured so

accurately and objectively as Bergson believes. In section after section of "Wandering Rocks" characters known to be miles away are unexpectedly represented as though part of the scene unfolding, the space between counting for naught. Gifford lists such "intrusions" at the beginning of each section and only four of the nineteen sections are without them. Leo Knuth calls this the labyrinthine effect "designed to cause the reader to lose his bearings," or to put it in more formal terms, to lose exact spatial perception.[35] It is not just the reader who is lost in space. Characters leap, in memory, from their established settings to ones far off in space and time. Fr. Conmee, walking to Artane, is found an instant later in Clongowes field (223). At one moment he rides the bus, and the next moment serves communion at the altar rail (221).

As Fr. Conmee's journey progresses he measures space more and more subjectively. He starts out with accurate details of streets and directions and for a time it appears that space is to be given proper objective measurement. "Father Conmee walked down Great Charles street . . . Father Conmee turned the corner and walked along the North Circular road. . . ." But the route becomes less formal and more and more subjective as the priest progresses. He begins to locate himself by smell: "Father Conmee smelled incense on his right hand as he walked. Saint Joseph's church, Portland row." As he progresses further he locates himself by people more obviously than by their premises:

"Father Conmee . . . was saluted by Mr William Gallagher who stood in the doorway of his shop. . . . He passed Grogan's the tobacconist. . . . Father Conmee went by Daniel Bergen's public house. . . ." He steps on a tram to avoid traversing on foot "the dingy way past Mud Island," space to be quickly passed over and ignored as far as possible. His route becomes more difficult to measure. He alights at Howth road and without transition is located on the Malahide road where space slips away as "A listless lady no more young, walked along the shore of Lough Ennel, Mary, first countess of Belvedere. . . ." He, too, loses track of his bearings, and finally turns completely inwards, becoming lost to the world until, like the "Beati immaculati" in the psalm he reads, he walks "in the law of Yahweh" (218-23).[36]

Other subtle points emphasise inability to measure space accurately. The blind stripling attempts it, tapping with his stick, with limited success. His method is imitated by Ned Lambert searching for a place to walk: "In the still faint light he moved about, tapping with his lath the piled seedbags and points of vantage on the floor" (230). Hely's sandwich men measure the space between two markers, one of which does not exist, the space "between Moneypeny's corner and the slab where Wolfe Tone's statue was not" (228). Only Lenehan uses miles to measure, but the space he attempts to measure is outer space where Molly looks for stars: "At last she spotted a weeny weeshy

one miles away" (234). The distance is vastly understated, and would have been more accurately left unmeasured than expressed in Lenehan's terms. And then there is measurement as Bergson wants it with time measurement recognized as space measurement: "From the sun dial towards James's Gate" (238), Mr. Kernan uses the time-teller to measure space, but the space it measures is ludicrously inappropriate.

Joyce reserves his most explicit comment on Bergson until the final section of the chapter when time and space are united in the Lord Lieutenant's procession. Protesting the measurability of motion Bergson writes:

> We generally say that a movement takes place in space, and when we assert that motion is homogeneous and divisible, it is of the space traversed that we are thinking, as if it were interchangeable with the motion itself. Now, if we reflect further, we shall see that the successive positions of the moving body really do occupy space but that the process by which it passes from one position to the other, a process which occupies duration and which has no reality except for a conscious spectator, eludes space.[37]

Joyce chooses well when he selects a procession to refute Bergson's claim, since, as the name suggests, the procession is the progress and is unique in that it is both object and action, and as such is divisible. Bergson goes on to say:

> On the one hand we attribute to the motion the divisibility of the space which it traverses, forgetting that it is quite possible to divide an object, but not an act: and on the other hand we accustom ourselves to projecting this act itself into space, to applying it to the whole of the line which the moving body traverses, in a word, to solidifying it: as if

> this localizing of a progress in space did not amount to asserting that, even outside the consciousness the past co-exists along with the present![38]

Joyce solidifies his action, his procession, beyond doubt, composing it of leaping outriders, the Lord Lieutenant, his wife and lieutenant-colonel Hesseltine, followed in the next carriage by "Mrs. Paget, Miss de Courcy and the honorable Gerald Ward, A.D.C. in attendance" (251). It is a movement which contrives to exist in the past along with the present. The procession is viewed by various Dubliners at different points simultaneously, and viewed at the same spot in different moments of time. Denis Breen confirms its past and present existence when "Mrs Breen plucked her hastening husband back from under the hoofs of the outriders. She shouted in his ear the tidings. Understanding, he shifted his tomes to his left breast and saluted the second carriage" (253). Outriders and Excellency have passed but the procession is still before him. The procession is divisible. It is a brilliant device and Joyce's salute to Bergson is a salute much vaunted and little understood. It is as authentic as Simon Dedalus' salute to "His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant general and general governor of Ireland" as Simon comes from the greenhouse or urinal, with hat brought low to conceal what E. L. Epstein calls "certain ineluctable adjustments of the garments" (252),[39] and as nose-thumbing a gesture as ". . . the salute of Almidano Artifoni's sturdy trousers swallowed by a closing door" (254).

Having thus considered Joyce's challenge to the intellectuals in the dimensions of time and space, it should not be surprising to discover that the measure of reality achieved by each of his three principal characters in their approach to this Protean question, is in direct inverse proportion to the amount of intellect they bring to bear on it. A study of Stephen's, Bloom's, and Molly's attitude to time and space will justify the argument Joyce is labouring so carefully to establish: despite all that may be said or written on the subject, reality can only be approached with the acceptance that "nature it is."

Stephen's concern with time and space appears early in "Nestor:" "I hear the ruin of all space, shattered glass and toppling masonry, and time one livid final flame." The Blakean phrase "Fabled by the daughters of memory" which precedes this, is one which contrasts the daughters of memory unfavourably with the daughters of inspiration on whom the artist relies. In the same source, Blake also speaks of ". . . the Vanities of Time and Space only Remember'd and call'd Reality."[40] Thus the artist Stephen, with Blake, implicitly rejects concepts of time and space, but since he also rejects memory which is one way in which he could shatter time and space barriers, he is tilting at windmills (30). Ellmann says: "We free ourselves from time and space, from history and geography, by memory, which fables itself into art."[41] When Stephen walks on the beach in "Proteus," he considers philosophic theories on space

and time, relating them to the ineluctable modality of the visible and audible in Berkeleyan terms,[42] to the Nacheinander and Nebeneinander of Lessing, and to the Aristotlean theory of the adiaphane. He deliberately experiments, but unlike Bloom, his mind is already conditioned by his learning. He has the big words which both Molly and Bloom deplore; he only needs some experience on which to hang them. He closes his eyes and walks through space "a stride at a time." Is it space or time he measures? "A very short space of time through very short times of space." He counts and decides it is strides following each other in time, Lessing's Nacheinander, which he measures. His conclusion is the one of which Bergson complains. Mitchell Morse has said that in "Proteus" "Joyce shows us Stephen Dedalus beginning to realize that if he is ever to be a serious artist rather than an arty dilettante he must experience the beast."[43]

The beast could well be Stephen's attempt to come to grips with eternity and infinity, shattering the bonds of time and space. "Am I walking into eternity along Sandymount strand?" But closing his eyes, walking in the dark will not dispel the dimensions "There all the time without you," and they seem to mock him "ever shall be, world without end." The past terrifies him, embodying as it does, memories of his mother, his religion, and of his country's history, all of which seek to trap rather than liberate him, in time and space (42-3). Henke describes it as

Stephen "desperately searching for a philosophy that will transcend the spectral past and confirm the uniqueness of a creative vision rooted in the present moment."[44] "Hold to the now, the here, through which all future plunges to the past." This is a rather desperate sounding Stephen who finds himself at once in another time and space. "It is this hour of a day in mid June, Stephen said, begging with a glance their hearing. The flag is up by the playhouse by the bankside" (188). Stephen is aware of his inconsistencies, his great ambivalence about time and space. As he seeks the composition of place of Shakespeare's playhouse he calls on Ignatius Loyola, centuries gone, to aid him. His re-enactment of this Shakespeare-Hamlet-Hathaway relationship brings history to vivid life and the present mingles with the past:

> Do and do. Things done. In a rosery of Fetter Lane of Gerard, herbalist, he walks, greyedauburn. An azured harebell like her veins. Lids of Juno's eyes, violets. He walks. One life is all. One body. Do. But do. Afar, in a reek of lust and squalor, hands are laid on whiteness. Buck Mulligan rapped John Eglington's desk sharply. . . . (202)

recalling Stephen to the present. His hold to the here and now is very tenuous.

History entangles Stephen who knows in his heart that it must not become "a tale like any other too often heard," a disappointed bridge inadequately spanning past and present. It is unreliable as a series of facts to be remembered, distorting time and space. Cochrane forgets

the place of the battle of Asculum but remembers the date. He could have as easily forgotten the date and remembered the place; forgotten both or neither. Stephen himself has to check, "glancing at the name and date in the gore-scarred book" (30). This is not reality and the artist in Stephen cries out hopelessly against it. He wonders if all history is mere chance. Could any event as well as another have been actualized out of the infinite possibilities of the past? "Had Pyrrhus not fallen by a beldam's hand in Argos or Julius Caesar not been knifed to death?" Then he has potential vision: "But can those have been possible seeing that they never were? Or was that only possible which came to pass?" But the cries of the boys for a ghost story, fiction of fictions, destroy his approach to reality (31). The truth of the moment is never actualized.

Throughout "Nestor" Joyce mocks Stephen's immaturity, his fruitless attempts to escape from the nightmare of history. The entire chapter, if Klein's theory is to be accepted, illustrates in both content and form the cyclical history of mankind as envisaged by Vico. God may be a shout in the street, but it is that God-noise which initiates over and over again a new cycle of history. "Vico, Dalkey, is indeed Vico - The Key,"[45] but in the very midst of it Stephen, striving to make order out of the chaos of the past, does not see that his only hope lies in seeing a cyclical pattern to history, with each cycle ending in chaos from which the Gods are once more

regenerated. Mircea Eliade in the Myth of the Eternal Return writes:

> As for the primitive societies that still live in the paradise of archetypes and for whom time is recorded only biologically without being allowed to become "history" -- that is, without its corrosive action being able to exert itself upon consciousness by revealing the irreversibility of events -- these primitive societies regenerate themselves periodically. . . .[46]

Despite Stephen's emphasis on the here and now and his rejection of the past, he constantly uses memory to call it to the present. It appears to be a deliberate evocation with effort made to recall every painful detail: "Silently, in a dream she had come to him after her death, her wasted body within its loose brown graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath, that had been bent upon him, mute, reproachful, a faint odour of wetted ashes" (11). There is the suggestion that Stephen's pain in the memory is less than the pleasure he takes in the poetry of the sounds. But perhaps it is that the artist in Stephen is fascinated by memory, being only vaguely aware that in some way he must come to grips with it before he can effectively overcome time and space. When he draws again upon the memory of his mother he reconstructs the image of it almost exactly, altering only the phrase "her breath, that had bent upon him, mute, reproachful," to the more poetic and rather more unfathomable "her breath bent over him with mute secret words." Now too, he adds another passage: "Her glazing eyes, staring out of death, to shake and bend my soul. On me alone. The ghostcandle to light

her agony. Ghostly light on the tortured face. Her hoarse loud breath rattling in horror, while all prayed on their knees. Her eyes on me to strike me down." The self-reproach which follows is an acknowledgement of his own macabre delight in resurrecting the gruesome details: "Ghoul! Chewer of corpses!" and in a moment of pain and revulsion against this morbid fascination with memory which he cannot fathom, he cries out: "No mother. Let me be and let me live" (16).

Mulligan recognizes the inconsistency in Stephen: "You crossed her last wish in death and yet you sulk with me because I dont whinge like some hired mute from Lalouette's. Absurd!" and he pinpoints the measure of Stephen's persistent clinging to his unhappy memories: "-Dont mope over it all day, he said. Im inconsequent. Give up the moody brooding" (14-15). This self-conscious effort to stir up further memories using Mulligan's and Yeats' word is certainly Stephen's rather than Joyce's: "Memories beset his brooding brain" (16). The long recital that follows brings both pain and pleasure, yet Stephen does not recognize the potential ally in memory. He selects and deliberately embellishes images for the proper artistic effect.

This is obvious too in his handling of the stream of consciousness. Stephen is never completely lost in the association of ideas. There is a self-consciousness about him which is evidenced in the odd narrative voice which

interrupts him, apparently to describe the action objectively, but which speaks the language of Stephen the artist. "Proteus" opens with Stephen lost in a stream of consciousness, but this is abruptly broken: "Stephen closed his eyes to hear his boots crush crackling wrack and shells" (42). It is a brief interruption, but sufficiently tinged with Stephen's subjective "modality of the audible" to show his influence. Even within his stream of conscious, associations of ideas are strictly controlled, following an intellectual train of thought which is developed to a satisfactory conclusion. The sight of the two midwives triggers thoughts of a trailing navel cord. "Hence," says Blamires, "he reflects on the network of navel-cords linking all humanity together, back to Eve."[47] He develops this thought, and eventually moves from thoughts of Eve's womb to his mother's womb and his own begetting, and he finally draws his conclusions: He has a being independent of his parents, and his sonship is upheld by God.

At times Stephen's control is such that he can abruptly cut off the stream of consciousness in mid flow when it leads into unpleasant associations. He stops short in "Proteus:" "But the courtiers who mocked Guido in Or san Michele were in their own house. House of . . . ," and berates himself: "We dont want any of your medieval abstrusiosities" (51). The aborted phrase, Epstein explains, is House of Death. Stephen has too many associations with the word to tolerate it. Epstein also notes the

suppression of the word "father": "I will arise and go to my. . . ."[48]

There is no free association of ideas, no complete transcendence of time and space. In Circe the subconscious, more uncontrollable and ruthless than conscious memory, reveals truth, and the apparition is stripped of its poetic trimmings:

> Stephen's mother, emaciated, rises stark through the floor in leper grey with a wreath of faded orange blossoms and a torn bridal veil, her face worn and noseless, green with grave mould. Her hair is scant and lank. She fixes her bluecircled hollow eye sockets on Stephen and opens her toothless mouth uttering a silent word (515).

Stephen, who has so often resurrected her for his own tormented satisfaction, scarcely recognizes her, and addresses her as the ghost of the dead sent to frighten children.[49] "Stephen: (Horrorstruck) Lemur, who are you? What bogeyman's trick is this?" "Choking with fright, remorse and horror," he realizes how he has toyed with memory. He has controlled it, believing it will only bring misery, and has refused to give it free rein since he has not been prepared to accept the consequences (516). He realizes for the first time the truth of the message he telegraphed to Mulligan earlier in the day: "The sentimentalist is he who would enjoy without incurring the immense debtorship for a thing done" (199). The artist can not play the dilettante. He must take action and incur the immense debt, rejecting sentimental recall, and using memory as an ally against time and space. Seizing

Siegfreid's sword of deliverance, Nothung, he strikes down the barriers to his artistic fulfillment. Time and space shatter as he had dreamed they might in "Nestor" and with them the light which has blinded his vision (517). He abandons the ashplant which has been his prop and flees into the darkness.

Stephen has struck a blow for liberty, but he is still far from resolving his dilemmas. F. L. Radford points out his later cry to the soldiers: "'Let my country die for me. Up to the present it has done so,'" and his immediate contradiction: "'I dont want it to die. Damn death. Long live life,'" as evidence of the continuing confusion of loyalties in Stephen ". . . who has wanted, from the opening milkwoman sequence to be acknowledged as the true Irish bard -- while answering 'non serviam' to the patriotic demands of that role."[50] Although in "Ithaca," Bloom leads him from the house with lighted candle, Stephen's need is for visionary darkness, something beyond the light of his intellect.[51] This is the darkness of which Dionysius the Areopagite writes:

> For by the resistless and absolute ecstasy in all purity, from thyself and all, thou wilt be carried on high, to the superessential ray of the Divine darkness, when thou hast cast away all, and become free from all.[52]

It is the darkness of the blind stripling, "an exquisite player" (262), who can tune to perfection the instruments of music, and who can recognize the greater other darkness of the mindless Farrell, though the madman, like Stephen,

shuns the artificial light: "You're blinder nor I am, you bitch's bastard!" (249)[53] This could well be Joyce's cry to Stephen whose last thoughts in Ulysses are of the prayers for the dead which yet haunt him since his mother's funeral (625).

While Stephen must destroy the confines of time and space in order to survive, Bloom, unable to attain to artistic fulfilment, must bear with them. It is a painful acceptance, and best coped with by a refusal to dwell on the subject. Thus, despite his scientific and enquiring turn of mind, Bloom appears to have remarkably little interest in the problems of time and space that beset Stephen. Even when his conjectures and experiments seem to move in this direction he goes off at a tangent, indicating a train of thought far removed from the philosophies and intricacies of spatial and temporal perception. At the same time he demonstrates how a less intellectual approach allied to a native wisdom brings him intuitively closer to reality than either Stephen or the philosophers.

As he stands before the window of Yeates and Son, he blots out his vision of the sun with the tip of his finger (166). Recollection of Stephen's "shut your eyes and see" suggests further philosophizing on the ineluctable modality of the visible with possible references to Berkeley's theory of vision. But Bloom gives little consideration to the distorted view that distance presents; he is more interested in the sun it seems: "Must be the focus where the rays

cross. If I had black glasses. Interesting. There was a lot of talk about those sunspots when we were in Lombard street west. Terrific explosions they are. There will be a total eclipse this year: autumn some time" (166). Such deliberate dismissal of a prominent theme by a major character of the novel shows that Joyce must be up to something.

Unlike Stephen, Bloom has no knowledge of Berkeley's theory of vision, yet, when he raises his finger to blot out the sun, he is repeating the experiment which Berkeley suggests in illustrating how a blind man, suddenly seeing, will react:

> Hence it is evident, one in those circumstances would judge his thumb, with which he might hide a tower, or hinder its being seen, equal to that tower, or his hand, the interposition whereof might conceal the firmament from his view, equal to the firmament:[54]

Berkeley goes on to explain the nature of vision and the perception of magnitudes,[55] until, after much discussion of light rays crossing as they strike the upper and lower parts of the eye, he concludes: "To me it seems evident, that crossing and tracing of the rays is never thought on by children, idiots, or in truth by any other, save only those who have applied themselves to the study of optics."[56] Bloom's brief comment: "Must be the focus where the rays cross" suddenly acquires new significance. Bloom has not studied optics in any sense that would be acceptable to Berkeley. Relying on his own very limited knowledge, experience and intuition, he touches the core of Berkeley's

philosophies unerringly. He is a natural philosopher, coming more directly to the truth without the disadvantage of intellectual stumbling blocks.

Almost immediately Bloom again touches on a phenomenon related to time: "Now that I come to think of it, that ball falls at Greenwich time." But it is to the mechanics of the ball falling that he turns his attention, ignoring the variation in time readings. "It's the clock is worked by an electric wire from Dunsink" (166). Yet included in Bloom's thought is an answer to the question he would not dare to make to Professor Joly, were he to visit Dunsink, "What is parallax?" Time is apparently displaced by readings from two different viewpoints, Dunsink and Greenwich. Bloom may claim: "Parallax. I never exactly understood" (153), but the idea is encompassed naturally in all his thinking.

In "Calypso" when he considers the movement of the earth round the sun, it interests him as a means of avoiding old age: "Makes you feel young. Somewhere in the east: early morning: set off at dawn, travel round in front of the sun, steal a day's march on him. Keep it up for ever never grow a day older technically." And his tentative thoughts on space and time dissolve into fantasy: "Wander through awned streets. Turbaned faces going by. Dark caves of carpet shops, big man, Turko the terrible, seated crosslegged smoking a coiled pipe" (59). Significantly, it is towards the mystic east that his thoughts turn. However

much scientists and philosophers may measure and analyse the infinities of space and time, the truest concept of it is to be found in that "other world" where intuition and spiritual knowledge prove superior to reason and observation. Bloom may consider himself an eminently pragmatic man but he is more a mystic than the artist Stephen.

Aristotle, too, is challenged by this naive philosopher. In "Nausicaa" Bloom's thoughts on the stopping of his watch at the moment when, miles away, Molly and Boylan came together, would seem inevitably to lead him to considerations of time and space. But it is themagnetism which intrigues him; time is summarily dealt with:

> Back of everything magnetism. Earth for instance pulling this and being pulled. That causes movement. And time? Well that's the time the movement takes. Then if one thing stopped the whole ghesabo would stop bit by bit. Because it's arranged. Magnetic needle tells you what's going on in the sun, the stars. Little piece of steel iron. (371)

Contained in these surmisings is basic Aristotelian philosophy. Aristotle considered movement as the link between time and space

> And not only do we measure the length of uniform movement by time, but also the length of time by uniform movement, since they mutually determine each other; for the length taken determines the length moved over (the time units corresponding to the space units), and the length moved over determines the time taken.[57]

However Bloom, forestalling Bergson, does not entirely endorse Aristotle's theory of movement measuring time. He

shortly after muses upon the length of time it took for Gerty's perfume to cover the distance between them, and suggests that the movement, juggling time as it wishes, is no reliable measurer: "Why did I smell it only now? Took its time in coming like herself, slow but sure" (372). The movement here, taking its own time, negates the possibility of measurement by the units of space it covered.

Bloom continues to show very little interest in time and space. When he recalls the law of falling bodies: "Thirtytwo feet per second, per second," despite his repetition of the time unit, it is the weight which he ponders. A few seconds later, as he taps the newspaper against his leg, the refrain recurs: "Per second, per second," and with an entirely unexpected shifting of thought, he fastens on the more unlikely word for consideration: "Per second for every second it means" (73). Time is again ignored, it seems, but in fact Bloom is outthinking Bergson. Why even quibble about the measurement of time? Twice throughout the chapter he reassures himself and the reader that there is "time enough" (72, 85). In his "per second" tapping of the newspaper he demonstrates how to "mark time" as the fusiliers do in the same chapter, without the intrusion of space. His "per second" is a corrective substitute for the count which Bergson claims is responsible for the confusion of time with space. When counting seconds -- or sheep ". . . if we picture to ourselves each of the sheep of the flock in succession and

separately, we shall never have to do with more than a single sheep." In order that the number should increase ". . . we must retain the successive images and set them alongside each of the new units which we picture to ourselves: now it is in space that such a juxtaposition takes place and not in pure duration."[58] Bloom, in so marking time, will never have to do with more than a single second while yet he measures "every second." The tapping is to recur as a measure of time for Bloom as he waits the hour of Boylan's and Molly's encounter. The sound of the blind stripling's stick acts as an ominous refrain "per second per second" during the painful, slow-paced hour of the "Sirens", increasing in frequency and persistence as four o'clock approaches. It is an excellent measure of time without recourse to space measurement.

Measurement of time is indeed very relative for Bloom. It is remarkable how little use he makes of his watch.[59] He consults it once before Paddy Dignam's funeral: "How goes the time? Quarter past" (85). The interest is at once focussed, not on the actual hour, which is omitted, but on the three quarters which remain at his disposal. He is not discovered checking it again until he goes for lunch, and then it is a significant gesture. Despite the fact that the clock in Davy Byrne's pub is facing him, he draws his watch, not to tell time, it seems, but to consider what his drink will be. Even Nosey Flynn is struck by the oddity of this, and, lest the reader has overlooked it, comments

later to Davy Byrne: "Didn't you see him look at his watch? Ah, you weren't there. If you ask him to have a drink first thing he does he outs with the watch to see what he ought to imbibe. Declare to God he does" (177-8). Nosey Flynn has not, of course, asked Bloom to have a drink, but Bloom's thoughts have accidentally strayed, as he muses on Davy Byrne, to the number that haunts him: "He doesn't chat. Stands a drink now and then. But in leapyear once in four" (171). The confused automatic action results: "What will I take now? He drew his watch. Let me see now." The repetition of "now" emphasises his time-related anxiety. Minutes later he reacts in a similar way to a remark of Flynn's: "Isn't Blazes Boylan mixed up in it?/ A warm shock of air heat of mustard haunched on Mr Bloom's heart. He raised his eyes and met the stare of a bilious clock. Two" (172). When he almost collides with Boylan later in the day, he again panics, searching his pockets, "Look for something I. His hasty hand went quick into a pocket. . . ." This time he draws out the newspaper, but it is not what he is looking for. "Afternoon she said. I am looking for that. Yes that. Try all pockets" (183). Though he eventually comes up with the soap, it seems obvious that his mind was on his watch.

Obviously he does not check his watch again until eight o'clock that evening, when he first discovers that it has stopped, and then it is only in response to a request for the time from Cissy Caffery (359). He does not bother to

wind it until much later in the Maternity Hospital (422).[60] Bloom's watch is really a "conundrum" to him (358); he has his own way of measuring time.

Bloom's view of the past has that same quality of vision which enables him to see history, not so much as his own particular nightmare, but as a universal occurrence containing the elements of poetry and tragedy, which bring a cathartic experience to its contemplation. In this he again improves on Aristotle who claims that poetry deals with universal situations, whereas history describes the particular. As Bloom watches a cloud over the sun he recalls the history of his race: "Brimstone they called it raining down: the cities of the plain: Sodom, Gomorrah, Edom. All dead names. A dead sea in a dead land, grey and old. Old now. It bore the oldest, the first race" (63). Thornton comments on Bloom's use of Edom: "Bloom is mistaken in including Edom as one of the cities. Edom was the name given in Genesis 25:30 to Esau, who became father of the Edomites."[61] Thornton is correct, but so also is Bloom. With the thoughts of the cities that had called down the wrath of God, cities which had sold their spiritual birthright for the lusts of the world, Bloom is reminded of that other occasion when Esau (Edom) handed over his birthright to Jacob, and hence to the Israelites, for a bowl of soup.[62] That Bloom is thinking so, and is linking the Jewish loss of birthright to the Irish loss, and thence to the universal loss, is evidenced by his thinking later on in the day. It

is he who introduces, though he does not tell, the story of Reuben J.'s payment of two shillings for the redemption of his son (96). He takes note of the Irish police, employed by the British Government and symbol of British rule in Ireland. "After their feed with a good load of fat soup under their belts" while others head for their troughs, "Prepare to receive soup" (162). Finally his thoughts stray to a fact of Irish history: "They say they used to give pauper children soup to change to protestants in the time of the potato blight" (180). It is the "same bait," soup in exchange for a birthright in whatever nation. "A bent hag crossed from Cassidy's clutching a noggin bottle by the neck. The oldest people." Irish or Jew it is a story of universal death in "the grey sunken cunt of the world" (63). Bloom reacts to the universality of it as he does not react to thoughts of his own pathetic history or his death: "Desolation. Grey horror seared his flesh. Folding the page into his pocket he turned into Eccles Street, hurrying homeward." But he has further catharsis to undergo as he is entombed with universal man: "Cold oils slid along his veins, chilling his blood: age crusting him with a salt cloak" (63). He emerges from his vision "Well, I am here now," and turns to "smell the gentle smoke of tea, fume of the pan, sizzling butter," and "her ample bedwarmed flesh," with fresh and greater appreciation for the here and now, "Yes, Yes" (63).

Bloom's cyclical vision of time is close to Vico's, but is more all-embracing in that it is intuitively aware of cylical pattern everywhere at every moment: "One born every second somewhere. Other dying every second" (164). He even sees it in the cosmos: "Same old ding dong always. Gas, then solid, then world, then cold, then dead shell drifting around, frozen rock like that pineapple rock" (167). A sense of recurrence is to be expected in Bloom's philosophy as inevitably as "Day, then the night" (71). The year returns: "June that was too I wooed." History repeats itself, and though the repetition in the form of masturbation here seems trivial, it is in fact a turn in the cycle of his life which he contemplates. He has been stirred, emotionally and sexually, as he has not been since he wooed Molly: "Ye crags and peaks I'm with you once again. Life, love, voyage round your own little world" (374).

His vision fails him only in that he finds it a dreary cycle. Regeneration to a higher plane does not fit into his creed. There is a joyless mechanical twist to his wheel of time: "Wheels within wheels" (162). He does not discount the possibility of further lives as his recurrent thoughts on Metempsychosis indicate, but it is on the number of deaths he muses rather than on the lives. He sees a bunch of flowers left on a grave, "Must be his deathday. For many happy returns" (95). He ruminates in the graveyard on love making among the tombstones: "In the

midst of life we are in death. Both ends meet" (110). He recalls his history:

> Dear, O dear! All that long business about that brought us out of the land of Egypt and into the house of bondage 'alleluia. Shema Israel Adonai Elohenu.' No, that's the other. Then the twelve brothers, Jacob's sons. And then the lamb and the cat and the dog and the stick and the water and the butcher and then the angel of death kills the butcher and he kills the ox and the dog kills the cat.[124]

Bloom has vision, but it is blurred by that pragmatic side of him which sees "everybody eating everybody else" (124).

Memories come more tranquilly and frequently to Bloom than to Stephen since the older man makes less effort to control them. Generally he enjoys them, savouring the "dear dead days beyond recall" as the persistent refrain from "Love's Old Sweet Song" suggests. His memory assumes almost ritual significance when he uses the Jewish Passover formula: "That was the night . . ." (71, 156), thus effectively destroying barriers of time. Eliade speaks of ". . . the abolition of time through the imitation of archetypes and the repetition of paradigmatic gestures."[63] However when memories threaten his peace of mind Bloom attempts to block them. Henke argues that for Bloom ". . . recollection is carefully restricted to the frame of positive memory."[64] That this is not strictly accurate may be seen from his thoughts on Rudy's and his father's deaths, but he does attempt more often than not to control unhappy memories:

> She was humming: The young May moon she's beaming, love. He other side of her.

> Elbow, arm. He. Glowworm's la-amp is gleaming, love. Touch. Fingers. Asking. Answer. Yes.
> Stop. Stop. If it was it was. Must. (167)

When he recalls Molly's new garters and who will see them he closes out the thought: "Today. Today. Not think" (180).

This control is seen too in Bloom's stream of consciousness. The constant interruption by narrator, blending into his thought patterns, indicates the objectivity which persists in the shaping of his mental flow. It is almost as though he surveys himself and his thoughts from a distance: "Dribbling a quiet message from his bladder came to go to do not to do there to do. A man and ready he drained his glass to the lees and walked, to men too they gave themselves, manly conscious. . . ." (176) Though not determined on developing artistic or intellectual thought as is Stephen, his enquiring mind will not allow ideas to associate freely without his forcing them into satisfactory channels of thought. He sees the advertisement for a planter's company, and stays with the images this conjures up until he has worked out all the pros and cons of the investment and decided: "Nothing doing. Still an idea behind it" (62). He is a practical soul, and though, unlike Stephen, it is peace of mind rather than self-torture or intellectual satisfaction he is seeking, nevertheless he is negating the more visionary and spiritual part of himself. He has come a lot further than Stephen in the approach to reality, allowing intuition to balance

intellect, but he still has some way to go before he can attain to the vision of reality achieved by Molly in her blessed ignorance.

Molly has no struggle. Edmund Wilson is vastly overestimating her efforts and underestimating her achievement when he writes:

> . . . she will tend to breed from the highest type of life she knows: she turns to Bloom, and, beyond him, towards Stephen. This gross body, the body of humanity, upon which the whole structure of Ulysses rests -- still throbbing with so strong a rhythm amid obscenity, commonness and squalor -- is laboring to throw up some knowledge and beauty by which it may transcend itself.[65]

Molly does not have to labour. Her knowledge and beauty are contained in her invincible ignorance. To the extent that Bloom's lesser learning and intellectualism raises him nearer truth and reality than Stephen's, so Molly's abysmal lack raises her to the highest reality of all. Molly's soliloquy is the natural sequel to Joyce's attack on intellectualism in "Wandering Rocks" and Joyce uses one of his favorite philosphers to underline his point. Giordano Bruno argued all his life against intellectualism which overlooked the divinity of the natural in its blind striving after abstractions, and its seeking to know the unknowable, and Joseph C. Voelker in a most illuminating article on the influence of Bruno on Joyce establishes beyond much doubt that "Molly's anti-intellectualism is very similar to Bruno's."[66]

Molly's contradictions are well recognized, and Voelker sees in them the "coincidence of contraries" so central to Bruno's thought. But what is particularly relevant in Voelker's argument is that:

> Both Bruno and Cusa associated the principle of the coincidence of contraries with the limits of human intellect and derived from it the important corollary of "docta ignorata," or "learned ignorance" (the idea that we come closest to God in our momentary apprehensions of how he eludes our intellect).[67]

Voelker also cites other evidence of Bruno's thought in Molly. She dislikes mathematics and calculation, premeditated action, and abstractions of all sorts. He illustrates forcefully that Joyce had Bruno in mind when creating Molly. However he fails to carry his relation of Molly's thought to Bruno's through into one of the major themes of Ulysses. Thus he is content to conclude that Bruno "provided Joyce with a philosophical basis for creating Molly both religious and amoral, an adulteress and a piously faithful Penelope."[68] But Bruno's non-intellectual treatment of time and space has sweeping implications for the role Molly plays in the overall pattern of Joyce's novel.

For Bruno, within the infinite universe, J. Lewis McIntyre writes:

> . . . there is no difference between the hour and the day, between the day and the year, between the year and the century, between the century and the moment; for moments and hours are not more in number than centuries, and those bear no less proportion to eternity than these. Similarly, in the immeasurable, the foot is not different from the yard, the yard

> from the mile, for in proportion to immensity, the mile is not nearer than the foot. Infinite hours are not more than infinite centuries, infinite feet are not of greater number than infinite miles.[69]

This denial of time and space barriers is Molly's as she transcends both in ways that Stephen and Bloom never dare. More than either of the two men Molly indulges in stream of consciousness which Humphrey likens to the montage of films and says of it: "The thing about this that is most pertinent to using the analogy for fiction technique is that montage and the secondary devices have to do with transcending or modifying arbitrary and conventional time and space barriers."[70] Although both Stephen and Bloom indulge in this process neither do so without frequent interruptions from outside sensations recorded objectively. Stephen in "Proteus" and Bloom in "Lestrygonians" are given the greatest opportunity for continuous association of ideas, yet each, as has been noted, deliberately limits himself when the stream of consciousness threatens to control.

Molly, however, defies all control. Very rarely, despite the length of "Penelope", do outside events impinge, and when they do they are assimilated into her stream of consciousness as fluently as thoughts of years long gone: "I suppose he used to sleep at the foot of the bed too with his big square feet up in his wifes mouth damn this stinking thing anyway wheres this those napkins are ah yes I know I hope the old press doesnt creak ah I knew it would hes

sleeping hard had a good time somewhere still she must have given him great value for his money" (693). Nor does she herself at any time control her association of ideas to follow any thoughts to a conclusion. However intriguing the problem presented, whether it be the wonder of Poldy ordering breakfast in bed, curiosity as to where he got sexual satisfaction, or the possibility of Stephen as a lover, it is never so pressing that it can surface voluntarily again in Molly's thoughts. It must bide its time until another train of associations chances to trigger it once again into consciousness. This is the mind which Wilson describes, in contrast to Stephen's purposeful weaving of images, and Bloom's staccato notation, as resembling "the swell of some profound sea."[71]

Of the three styles Molly's comes closest to the spiritual reality described by Virginia Woolf:

> Life is not a series of gig lamps symmetrically arranged; life is a luminous halo, a semi-transparent envelope surrounding us from the beginning of consciousness to the end. Is it not the task of the novelist to convey this varying, this unknown and uncircumscribed spirit, whatever aberration or complexity it may display, with as little mixture of the alien and external as possible?[72]

In a comparison of the three major characters' stream of consciousness processes E. R. Steinberg notes the lack of structure in Molly's associations which is noticeably more than Stephen's, and a little more than Bloom's.[73] This bears out Molly's unconscious reflection of Bruno's teachings and emphasises the continual movement and change

in all things. Bruno himself writes: "All things are in flow; the parts of the earth, seas, and rivers vary their positions, by a certain ebbing and flowing order of Nature," and McIntyre adds a footnote to this: "If the flow of change were arrested at any one point of Nature it would ultimately be arrested throughout the whole."[74] Brivic says: "The idea that time is caused by desire is a standard concept in occultism, mysticism and Eastern thought, where it usually supports the idea that he who can overcome desire can transcend time."[75] But Joyce in "Penelope" is more concerned with Bruno's than with Eastern thought, and Bruno sees desire as that which raises the human to greatest reality: "In each and all is the desire in-born to become all things. Such infinite desire implies the existence in reality of that which will satisfy it."[76] Bruno, according to MacIntyre, further adds:

> None therefore are ever satisfied with their state, excepting the unfeeling or the foolish who have no knowledge of their own ill, but enjoy the present without fear of the future, can find rest in what is, and have no feeling or desire for what might be: 'in short have no sense of contrariety, which is figured by the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.'[77]

Molly's desires are numerous, her desire to become all things often specific: "I wouldnt mind being a man and get up on a lovely woman" (691), and far from this being, as Brivic would contend, a subjection to time, it implies a total disregard for the ravages time can effect, and Bruno emphasises this: "The wise soul, however, will not fear

death, will indeed sometimes wish for it . . ."[78] Molly, surprisingly, in one so earthbound, has none of the dread of death that haunts Stephen and troubles Bloom. On the contrary, her desire most specifically relates to Bruno's thought in the death wish: "sweet God sweet God well when Im stretched out dead in my grave I suppose Ill have some peace" (690), and again, "I hope theyll have something better for us in the other world" (693).

Molly not only transcends the future but the past, and she relives the emotions of the past as subjectively as though experiencing them for the first time: "I felt rotten simply with the old rubbishy dress that I lost the leads out of the tails with no cut in it" (673), and again "I used to be weltering then in the heat my shift drenched with the sweat stuck in the cheeks of my bottom on the chair" (677). It is interesting to note her use of the present tense on one occasion: "keep yourself calm in his flannel trousers Id like to have tattered them down off him before all the people and give him what that one calls flagellate till he was black and blue" (686). Nowhere of course is this reliving of emotion so vivid as in the closing stages of the novel, when Molly's final affirmation of what has passed becomes one with what is, and what is to come.

It is hardly surprising then that history holds no fears for Molly. It is something that she knows about only in the vaguest of terms: "general Ulysses Grant whoever he

was or did supposed to be some great fellow landed off the ship" (678); "they could have made their peace in the beginning or old oom Paul and the rest of the old Krugers go and fight it out between them" (670). Occasionally she reworks history: "the Dublins that won Tugela" (670).[79] She is much more interested in make-believe history: "It was lovely after looking across the bay from Algeciras all the lights of the rock like fireflies or those sham battles on the 15 acres" (670). Molly's dismissal of history is of immense significance in the pattern of Ulysses. Eliade describes the need in man for continual regeneration. By various rituals:

> . . . the cosmos and man are regenerated ceaselessly and by all kinds of means, the past is destroyed, evils and sins are eliminated, etc. Differing in their formulas, all those instruments of regeneration tend towards the same end; to annul past time, to abolish history by a continuous return'in illo tempore' by the repetition of the cosmogonic act.[80]

Molly is very prone to ritual practice intermingled with superstitious belief: "the candle I lit that evening in Whitefriars street chapel for the month of May see it brought its luck" (662); "I never brought a bit of salt in even when we moved in the confusion" (686); "I oughtnt to have stitched it and it on her it brings a parting" (688); "I was bad-tempered too because how was it there was a weed in the tea or I didnt sleep the night before cheese I ate was it and I told her over and over again not to leave knives crossed like that . . . if he doesnt correct

her faith I will" (689).

What may be termed superstitious practices in Molly are not really different from the "repetition of certain paradigmatic gestures" of which Eliade speaks, through which alone an act requires a certain reality, and by which "there is an implicit abolition of profane time, of duration, of 'history.'"[81] Molly's entire soliloquy is in itself the confession of sins which has always been regarded as an important ritual in regeneration and abolition of time and history. Eliade notes that the abolition of time and regeneration do not occur ". . . except at essential periods - those, that is, when the individual is truly himself: on the occasion of ritual or of important acts (alimentation, generation, etc.).[82] Molly both menstruates and urinates during the early hours of June 17. She is truly herself. Eliade could be speaking of Molly when he writes:

> It matters little if the formulas and images through which the primitive expresses "reality" seem childish and even absurd to us. It is the profound meaning of primitive behavior that is revelatory; this behavior is governed by belief in an absolute reality opposed to the profane world of "unrealities"; in the last analysis, the latter does not constitute a "world," properly speaking; it is the "unreal" 'par excellence,' the uncreated, the nonexistent: the void.[83]

Reincarnation is still on Molly's mind from her morning's lesson: "shed want to be born all over again" (695), "and that word met something with hoses in it" (675), "Id never again in this life" (686). It is difficult then

not to look for some sign of Vico's cycles, and indeed there is evidence of two complete contrasting cycles of gods, heroes, men and ricorsos in the eight sentences of the soliloquy, where Molly, without either the blindness of Stephen, or the satire of Joyce, is instrumental in demonstrating how Vico, of all the philosophers, comes closest to the portrayal of reality. The Gods appear as thunder in sentence one, with remarkably similar effect to the appearance of the Gods to man in Vico's history: "I popped straight into bed until that thunder woke me up as if the world was coming to an end God be merciful to us I thought the heavens were coming down about us to punish" (662). The heroes of sentence two are the long list of suitors and gentlemen ranging from Boylan and Bartell d'Arcy at one end of the spectrum to "a gentleman", "a real old gentleman," "an exceptional man," Master Francois, Lord Roberts, the Prince of Wales, and Bloom on a throne at the other end (665-74). Men are recalled with uncommon frequency in sentence three, while mention is made of the stages of man as "big infant," "delicate student," "savage brute," and in this sentence too can be found a reference to the incarnation (674-5). Sentence four is a recall of good times in Spain, and includes "books with a Molly in them," and a perfect Ricorso: "Lord how long it seems centuries of course they never come back" (675-80). Molly, of course, has just resurrected them all.

In the following cycle Molly appears to have knowledge of Viconian ages. She sees things exactly as they are, Gods, heroes, and men, and highlights their absurdity. It is parody in the sense in which R. P. Blackmur describes it:

> Parody is something sung beside the main subject. Parody is not caricature, not satire: it is a means of treating reality so as to come short of it either on purpose or through necessity. Parody emphasises mechanics, especially prescriptive mechanics in executive technique, and greedily fastens on the nearest possibilities in the material. In our day, every man is a parody of his moral self. (84)

A new cycle begins in sentence five. God's voice is heard as a veritable shout in the street, in the bursting of a paper bag: "Lord what a bang" (680-84). The hero of sentence six is Ulysses himself. By her choice of Bloom as hero, Molly is showing remarkable vision. Bloom is indeed the perfect parodic hero. Bloom "sitting up like the king of the country; Bloom playing the hero in the boat "with the tide all swamping in floods in through the bottom and his oar slipping out of the stirrup. . . . theres no danger whatsoever keep yourself calm;" Bloom boasting of "all the things he told father he was going to do;" Bloom, the Knight errant, "whatever I liked he was going to do immediately if not sooner will you be my man will you carry my can he ought to get a leather medal with a putty rim." He makes a sorry hero but Molly in this sentence admits: "I dont like a man you have to climb up to," and realizes there are few heroes today: "it must be real love

if a man gives up his life for her that way for nothing I suppose there are few men like that left" (684-91). In sentence seven Molly sees men clearly as poor creatures. Doctor Collins she wouldn't marry "if he was the last man in the world;" :there isnt in all creation another man with the habits he (Poldy) has;" Arthur Griffith is a little man; the furniture men need help: "deceitful men all there twenty pockets are not enough for their lies"; "man man tyrant as ever"; horn blower "with the child's bonnet on top on his nob." Molly leaves no doubt of their folly: "they call that friendship killing and then burying one another . . . theyre a nice lot all of them . . . goodfor-nothings." She pictures the young men in Margate who from the distance appeared "naked like a God or something and then plunging into the sea with them why arent all men like that" (691-97). This is Molly's plea for a new cycle, a better world. Fortunately the ricorso of sentence eight will come: "they might as well try to stop the sun from rising tomorrow" (703). The entire last section, the concluding paragraph of Ulysses is one tremendous ricorso brought about by Molly (697-704).

Through her vision and natural awareness, through intuitive Brunonian and Viconian thought, a new cycle is made possible. Her assent carries with it overtones of Mary's acceptance of the part she must play in the redemption of men: "yes I said yes I will Yes." It is not the end; it is merely the beginning.

Notes

[1] Wyndham Lewis, Time and Western Man (London: Chatto & Windus, 1927), p. 100.

[2] Lewis, p. 129.

[3] Lewis, p. 120.

[4] James Joyce, Ulysses, p. 66.

[5] John Killham, "'Ineluctable Modality' in Joyce's Ulysses," UTQ, 34 (1965), emphasises Stephen's dependence on Berkeley rather than on Aristotle in this chapter.

[6] George Berkeley, A New Theory of Vision (1709; rpt. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1910), XLV.

[7] Weldon Thornton, Allusions in "Ulysses": An Annotated List (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1961), p. 224.

[8] Berkeley, CLVIII.

[9] James Joyce, Stephen Hero, ed. and introd. Theodore Spencer (London: JOnathan Cape, 1944), p. 26.

[10] Joseph Frank, "Spatial Form in Modern Literature," in Critiques and Essays in Criticism, ed. Robert Wooster Stallman (New York: Roland Press, 1949), p. 318.

[11] Frank, p. 323.

[12] Jo-Anna Isaak, "James Joyce and the Cubist Esthetic," Mosaic, 14 (1981), pp. 68.

[13] Isaak, p. 77. She then goes on to give an excellent analysis of the various devices used by Joyce in "Wandering Rocks" to give the combined spatial and temporal effect, so basic to the Cubist art.

[14] A. M. Klein, "A Shout in the Street: An Analysis of the Second Chapter of Joyce's Ulysses," New Directions, 13 (1951), pp. 327-45. It is Klein who notes Joyce's comment in a letter now in the New York Public Library: "I would not pay overmuch attention to these theories (Vico's) beyond using them for all they are worth, but they have gradually

forced themselves on me through the circumstances of my own life." p. 327. In this article Klein convincingly breaks down the entire chapter of "Nestor" into Viconian cycles.

[15] Appendix A attached to this essay contains a complete breakdown of the first section of "Wandering Rocks" into Viconian cycles.

[16] The recurring description of Fr. Conmee walking echoes too the description in Genesis: "The man and his wife heard the sound of Yahweh God walking in the garden in the cool of the day, and they hid from Yahweh God among the trees of the garden. The Jerusalem Bible, gen. ed. Alexander Jones (New York: Doubleday, 1966), Gen. 3:8.

[17] R. M. Adams, Surface and Symbol: The Consistency of James Joyce's "Ulysses" (New York: Oxford University Press, 1962), pp. 15-16, identifies the characters after whom the three boys are named, and writes: "The fact is that without an outside key in the shape of information about three obscure Dublin characters, the passage is entirely devoid of meaning." p. 16 The Vico application makes this deeper knowledge unnecessary, but that their representatives should be a bookie, a pawnbroker, and one of a brash insensitive family is a further speaking commentary upon the "little men."

[18] Adams, p. 17.

[19] Shiv K. Kumar, Bergson and the Stream of Consciousness Novel (London: Blackie & Son, 1962), p. 104.

[20] Kumar, p. 106.

[21] Kumar, p. 20, quotes from Bergson's An Introduction to Metaphysics.

[22] Kumar, p. 21.

[23] Adams, p. 14. He also quotes Kevin Sullivan in Joyce Among the Jesuits, pp. 16-17. He notes too Ellmann's description of "the bland and courtly humanist." Stuart Gilbert, James Joyce's "Ulysses" (London: Faber & Faber, 1930), p. 233. John R. Elliott Jnr., "Fr. Conmee and the Number of the Elect," James Joyce Review, 3 (1959), p. 63, speaking of Fr. Conmee's reverie on the souls of men writes: "This passage in Ulysses then, not only confirms what we already know about Fr. Conmee's compassion and generosity, but adds a considerable intellectual strain to this benignity."

[24] Kumar, p. 20 on Bergson.

[25] Robert Humphrey, Stream of Consciousness in the Modern Novel (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1955), writes: "Indeed, there is no stream-of-consciousness technique. Instead, there are several quite different techniques which are used to present stream of consciousness." p. 4.

[26] Thornton, p. 231, notes the reference to "Gaming at Daly's" in Sir Jonah Barrington's book.

[27] Don Gifford, Notes for Joyce: An Annotation of James Joyce's "Ulysses" (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1974), p. 223.

[28] Gifford, p. 224.

[29] Henri Bergson, Time and Free Will: An Essay on the Immediate Data of Consciousness, trans. F. L. Pogson (London: Swan Sonnenschein, 1910), p. 106.

[30] Bergson, Time and Free Will, p. 78.

[31] Clive Hart, "Wandering Rocks" in James Joyce's "Ulysses," ed. Clive Hart and David Hayman (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1974), opp. p. 216. This volume hereafter cited as "Ulysses": Critical Essays.

[32] Later information that it is his corns and not the watches that disturb him does not spoil the effect of the earlier information.

[33] Harry Blamires, The Bloomsday Book: A Guide through Joyce's "Ulysses" (London: Methuen, 1966), p. 103, makes this reference which is so apt.

[34] Frank Budgen, James Joyce and the Making of "Ulysses" (New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas, 1934), p. 121.

[35] Leo Knuth, "A Bathymetric Reading of Joyce's Ulysses, Chapter X," JJQ, 9 (1972), p. 406.

[36] The Jerusalem Bible, Ps. 119:1.

[37] Bergson, Time and Free Will, pp. 110-11.

[38] Bergson, Time and Free Will, p. 112.

[39] Edmund L. Epstein, "Cruxes in Ulysses: Notes towards an Edition and Annotation," JJR, 1 (1957), p. 26.

[40] Thornton, pp. 27-8.

[41] Richard Ellmann, The Consciousness of Joyce (New York: Oxford University Press, 1977), p. 65.

[42] Killham claims they are Berkeleyan terms, in opposition to Joseph E. Duncan, "The Modality of the Audible in Joyce's Ulysses," PMLA, 72 (1957), who writes: ". . . the references both to the philosopher and the philosophy show clearly that throughout the opening of this section ["Proteus"], the guiding influence on Stephen's thought is not Berkeley, but Aristotle" pp. 286-7.

[43] J. Mitchell Morse, "Proteus" in "Ulysses": Critical Essays, p. 30.

[44] Suzette A. Henke, Joyce's Moraculous Sindbook (Columbus: Ohio State University Press, 1978), p. 40.

[45] Klein, p. 345.

[46] Mircea Eliade, The Myth of the Eternal Return (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1954), pp. 74-5.

[47] Blamires, p. 14.

[48] Epstein, "Cruxes in Ulysses," p. 33.

[49] Thornton, p. 416.

[50] F. L. Radford, "King, Pope, and Hero-Martyr: Ulysses and the Nightmare of Irish History," JJQ, 16 (1978), p. 313.

[51] Klein, p. 345, writes: "The Jews, knowing God and his Law through revelation, do not have to enter, as the Gentiles do, the cycles of Providence to reach civilization." Stephen cannot accept the view of history as moving towards one great goal.

[52] Dionysius the Areopagite, "Mystic Theology," in The Works of Dionysius the Areopagite, trans. Rev. John Parker (1897; rpt. New York: Richwood Pub. Co., 1976), I.

[53] E. L. Epstein, "Nestor," in "Ulysses": Critical Essays, pp. 24-5, notes Stephen's need for darkness in order to see with vision.

[54] Berkeley, LXXIX.

[55] Berkeley, LXXX - LXXXIX.

[56] Berkeley, XC.

[57] Aristotle, The Physics I, trans. Philip H. Wicksteed and Francis M. Cornford (London: William Heinemann Ltd., 1929), IV. xii.

[58] Bergson, Time and Free Will, p. 77.

[59] Despite Brivic's claim that "Bloom often consults his watch . . ." Sheldon R. Brivic, Joyce between Freud and Jung (London: Kennikat Press, 1980), p. 156.

[60] Although Gerty McDowell remarks that Bloom is winding his watch, it is significant that she qualifies that statement: ". . . he was winding the watch or whatever he was doing to it." Possibly Bloom is staring at it perplexedly, as it would be unlikely that having wound it he would rewind it again in the maternity hospital (359, 422).

[61] Thornton, p. 72.

[62] The Jerusalem Bible, Gen. 25:29-34.

[63] Eliade, p. 35.

[64] Henke, p. 128.

[65] Edmund Wilson, Axel's Castle (London: Chas. Scribner's Sons, 1932), p. 224.

[66] Joseph C. Voelker, "'Nature it is': The Influence of Giordano Bruno on James Joyce's Molly Bloom," JJQ, 14 (1976), p. 45.

[67] Voelker, pp. 42-3.

[68] Voelker, p. 47.

[69] J. Lewis Mc Intyre, Giordano Bruno (London: MacMillan & Co. 1903), p. 173.

[70] Humphrey, pp. 49-50.

[71] Wilson, p. 204.

[72] Virginia Woolf, "Modern Fiction," in her The Common Reader, 1st. ser. (1925; rpt. London: Hogarth Press, 1968), p. 189.

[73] Erwin R. Steinberg, The Stream of Consciousness and Beyond in "Ulysses" (Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1958), p. 146.

[74] McIntyre, p. 206. It should be noted that Molly's flow is not confined to her stream of consciousness, but includes her flood of blood and urine, and for Bruno "Of the strictly material elements of the universe, the most important is 'moisture' . . ." McIntyre, p. 207.

[75] Brivic, p. 158.

[76] McIntyre, p. 180.

[77] McIntyre, p. 278.

[78] McIntyre, p. 181.

[79] Gibbons, p. 502, notes that the Dublins did not win Tugela.

[80] Eliade, p. 81.

[81] Eliade, p. 35.

[82] Eliade, p. 35.

[83] Eliade, p. 92.

[84] R. P. Blackmur, "Parody and Critiques: Notes on Thomas Mann's Doctor Faustus," Kenyon Review, 12 (1950), p. 33.

CONCLUSION

The deceptively simple structure of Molly's soliloquy has been the major stumbling block in a comprehensive reading of the final chapter of James Joyce's Ulysses. Scholars faced with the apparently inconsequent ramblings of a semi-illiterate woman, in what should be the climactic moments of a major work of literature, have resorted to extremes in their treatment of "Penelope." Some dismiss Molly as unworthy of consideration. Arnold Goldman makes no mention of her in his discussion on the philosophical themes of Ulysses, and only scathing acknowledgement in his treatment of styles:

> The style of "Penelope" is, then, an approximation to a level of consciousness (or unconsciousness) which is during the day working below the level of the "stream" reproduced for Stephen and Bloom in "the initial style." Its verbalization by Molly is something of a pretext, but acknowledgement of the style's function in the logic of Ulysses' styles may help divert attacks from Molly herself by those who object to her supposed Great Motherishness.[1]

The Great Mother image is that, most trumpeted by other extremists ever since Stuart Gilbert, highlighting the "Gea Tellus" reference, described Molly as "the Great Mother," and Frank Budgen, in what seems to be considered a definitive statement, declared that: "What she symbolizes is evident: it is the teeming earth with her countless brood of created things," and referred to her as "fruitful mother earth." Gilbert speaks vaguely of Molly as "a

creator of life," without any concrete indication of how exactly she merits the title. Budgen cannot specify any of the analogies of his symbolism, and resorts to poetic and meaningless obscurities: "Molly's monologue snakes its way through the last forty pages of Ulysses like a river winding through a plain, finding its true course by the compelling logic of its own fluidity and weight."[2]

It is hardly surprising that such unwarranted symbolism should rouse scholars to strong reaction, and J. Mitchell Morse goes to opposite extremes as he ruthlessly strips Molly of any possibility of mystique in a violent personal attack, while E. R. Steinberg, rivalling Budgen in his poesy, writes: "The ultimate irony of this latter-day Penelope is not that the reader sees her weaving tawdry tapestries of infidelities on the looms of her memory and imagination, but that, pathetic as her Ulysses is because of her treatment of him, she does not even deserve him."[3]

It is a mistake to see Molly as symbol rather than character, or even like Douglas Knight, to see her as much symbol as character.[4] It is equally wrong to refuse to look beyond the character's everyday stream of consciousness to the essential intuitive spirit beneath. Had Molly's outpouring been merely the affirmation of her adultery, and a fitting together of missing pieces in Ulysses, Joyce with his genius for character portrayal, his keen ear for dialect, and his delight in words and rhythms, could have unleashed the flow of language in "Penelope" as easily and

uninterruptedly as Molly herself. The fact that he laboured long and hard, finding the writing of this chapter to be much more difficult than he had anticipated, is indicative of the intricacies of theme, structure, and style woven throughout it. He admitted to Budgen that "'Penelope' is the clou of the book," which may be taken to mean that she is the nail holding it together; the clue to what has gone before.[5]

It has been shown in this essay that at least three of the major themes of Ulysses cannot be fully understood until their final treatment in "Penelope" is revealed. The function of the narrator is unique: limited in his lack of omniscience and interference, yet powerful in his manipulation of the word, tone, and style of language, he controls both character and reader, and breeds a distrust of language which is only overcome by Molly. She dispenses with the narrator, suits the tone and style to her character, controls word and meaning, and illustrates the honesty of language when it is not subjected to abuse from character or narrator. It is the same narrator who moves through the novel, at times, as in the opening six chapters, intermingling with the stream of consciousness of the character to deceive and confound the reader; at times impersonating a type, as in "Cyclops," or a writer, as in "Oxen of the Sun," to point the influence of style on both character and reader; once, in "Eumaeus," attempting to impersonate the leading characters; and finally, in "Ithaca,"

as foreshadowed in "Aeolus," pretending to withdraw himself and his influence from the scene. It is only by accepting the single narrator concept that the variety of his manipulations and deceits becomes obvious, and his overthrow in "Penelope" effective.

The father-son relationship is not the simple Bloom-Stephen union, which in fact is never consummated. It has much of the Stoom-Blephen in it "Substituting Stephen for Bloom . . . Substituting Bloom for Stephen . . ."[6] Each man is both father and son in his relation to the rest of humanity, and, inevitably, must be completed by the spirit to form the eternal trinity and find fulfilment. It is only through Molly as spirit that the fatherhood and sonship of man is fully realized, and the non-communion of Stephen and Bloom as father-son loses significance in the greater communion with the rest of humanity, and in their awareness of aloneness without loneliness. Molly's light is the symbol of the movement of the spirit within the men: she is of the spirit. Her procreation as Gea-Tellus is her ability to quicken the spirit within others. Bloom rests beside her, "the childman weary, the manchild in the womb" (658). Finally secure in his fatherhood and sonship, through the vision of the spirit, he is enfolded in its comforting love.

Joyce uses problems of time and space to launch a Brunonian attack on the use of the intellect in the search for reality. Berkeley, Lessing, Vico, Bergson and Aristotle

are not spared, as their philosophies are systematically disproved, or mocked in the proving. Stephen's greater intellect makes him fair game for Joyce's arrows, and he is only saved from complete ridicule by his ability to laugh at his own efforts:

> A very short space of time through very short times of space. Five, six: the "nacheinander." Exactly: and that is the ineluctable modality of the audible. Open your eyes. No. Jesus! If I fell over a cliff that beetles o'er his base, fell through the "nebeneinander" ineluctably. (42)

But he is far from an awareness of reality, further than Bloom, whose natural philosophizing often touches unerringly on deep truths, without the benefit of intellect and argument. Bloom, however, allows his pragmatism to crush the flowering of the spirit within him. In this he too, clouds his vision of reality. He and Stephen are the two old, frustrated maids of "The Parable of the Plums," who allow the rich juice of life to dribble out of their mouths. Molly's lack of intellect, in true Brunonian style, brings her close to reality. She has an intuitive knowledge of the divine in nature, and the futility of the search for it by reason: "nature it is as for them saying theres no God I wouldnt give a snap of my two fingers for all their learning why dont they go and create something themselves" (703).

She is open to life as the old women of the parable are not, and with knowledge of only "plain words" she yet understands metempsychosis and the cycle of life and death.

The eight sentences of her soliloquy contain two complete Viconian cycles of ages, the second a parody of the first, in a reflection of Molly's subconscious intuition of the endless cycle of all things, and the pathetic self-importance of puny man paradoxically reflecting his essential greatness. Molly has vision as Moses had on Pisgah when he realized that his promised land was not the land of Israel towards which he had journeyed. Like Moses, she is aware of a greater reality than are her fellow travellers. Echoing Mary at the moment of the Annunciation, she is open to the movement of the spirit within her: "and then he asked me would I yes to say yes" (704). It is her response to love, to life, and to death. Joyce wrote to Harriet Weaver that "Penelope" had ". . . no beginning, middle or end."[7] It is appropriate; for Molly, there is no distinction. The beginning is the end; the end is only the beginning.

Notes

[1] Arnold Goldman, The Joyce Paradox (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1966), p. 110.

[2] Stuart Gilbert, James Joyce's "Ulysses" (London: Faber & Faber, 1930), p. 32; Frand Budgen, James Joyce and the Making of "Ulysses" (New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas, 1934), pp. 262-3.

[3] J. Mitchell Morse, "Molly Bloom Revisited," in A James Joyce Miscellany, 2nd. ser. ed. Marvin Magalaner (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1959), pp. 139-49; E. R. Steinberg, "A Book with a Molly in it," James Joyce Review, 2 (1958), p. 61.

[4] Douglas Knight, "The Reading of Ulysses," ELH, 19 (1952), p. 65.

[5] James Joyce, Letters of James Joyce, ed. Stuart Gilbert (London: Faber & Faber, 1957), p. 170.

[6] James Joyce, Ulysses, p. 603. Hereafter all references are cited in parentheses within the text.

[7] James Joyce, Letters, p. 172.

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APPENDIX A. VICONIAN CYCLES IN "WANDERING ROCKS"

The opening section of "Wandering Rocks" may be broken down into Viconian cycles as follows:

Gods	Father Conmee	"The superior ... the very reverend ..." of the Society of Jesus. "Vere dignum et justum est." 'It is meet just and right ...' to give thanks to God.' Father Conmee anticipates the thanks of Martin Cunningham and the Dignam family.
Heroes	"... soldiers and sailors whose legs had been shot off by cannonballs ..." Cardinal Wolsey, unworthy prince of the Church.	fight for their country and end their days in a pauper ward.
Men	Mr. David Sheehy M.P.	representative of the community of men. Father Conmee's "call" opposed to the voice of God thundering.
Ricorso	Father Conmee "... smiled yet again in going."	The bathos made obvious in the coda: "He had cleaned his teeth he knew, with arecanut paste"
Gods	"Father Conmee walked and, walking ...."	overtones of God walking in the garden of Eden. "The man and his wife heard the sound of Yahweh God walking in the garden ...." Genesis 3:8.
Heroes	Father Bernard Vaughan ... of good family Pilate	with droll eyes and cockney voice Roman governor who is unable even to "old back that owling mob."

Men	three little schoolboys. "And what was his name? Jack Sohan. And his name? Ger. Gallagher. And the other little man?"	names of a bookie, pawnbroker and an unpleasant acquaintance of Joyce's. Note 17, Chapter II.
Gods	Father Conmee - smiles and walked along Mountjoy	God on Mount
Heroes	Mr. Dennis J. Maginni	described by Adams as "a fake gentleman."
	Lady Maxwell	
Men	Mrs McGuiness-pawnbroker	her lowly position emphasized by Father Conmee's amazement at her queenly mien.
Ricorso	"Such a ... what would he say? ... such a queenly mien.	Repeat of Father Conmee's first thought -- unable to find another word.
Gods	Father Conmee -- glances at shut-up free church on his left.	The sheep will be on God's right and the goats on his left.
Heroes	Rev. T. R. Green B.A.	acting according to his lights though suffering from invincible ignorance
Men	"A band of satchelled schoolboys ..."	
Ricorso	"Father Conmee greeted them more than once...."	
Gods	Father Conmee smelled incense on his right hand as he walked ... raised his hat to the Blessed Sacrament	greets an old acquaintance
Heroes	spendthrift noblemen of Aldborough house	

Men	Mr. Wm. Gallagher etc. unlabouring men lounging bargeman	tradesmen lounging non-working labourers bargeman daydreaming -- all seen as "idyllic" by Father Conmee
Ricorso	on Newcomen bridge Father Conmee "stepped on to an outward bound tram. Off an inward bound tram stepped the reverend Nicholas Dudley C.C.	Newcomen suggests new beginning.
Gods	Father Conmee	likes cheerful decorum
Heroes	gentleman in tram ... his wife "tiptapping a small gloved fist on her opening mouth and smiled tinily"	suggestion of coat of mail
Men	the awkward man in bus the awkward old man in church an old woman	
Ricorso	"She passed out with her basket and a market net: and Father Conmee saw the conductor help her and net and basket down."	
Gods	Father Conmee-- thinking of the good souls whom he blesses	
Heroes	Mr. Eugene Stratton with thick niggerlips	world renowned comedian
Men	millions of black and brown and yellow souls	
Ricorso	"Father Conmee alighted, was saluted by the conductor and saluted in his turn."	

Gods	Father Conmee	Father Conmee on Malahide Rd. is pleased with the road and the name echoes "God called the dry land 'earth' ... and God saw that it was good." Genesis 1:10 One line of the poem Conmee quotes seems to mock Genesis: "Thus passes each pleasure that earth can supply."
Heroes	Lords of Malahide Lord & Lady Belvedere	- English planters Branded adulteress and unscrupulous husband.
Men	Her husband's brother	without a title
Ricorso	"Only God knew and she and he, her husband's brother."	a retelling of the story in a single line which is actually a cycle in itself.
Gods	Father Conmee	thinks of "the ways of God which were not our ways."
Heroes	Don John Conmee	
Men	the French	whose words are homely and just
Ricorso	Conmee's recall of days in Clongowes	
Gods	Father Conmee	with gloves, rededged breviary and ivory bookmark
Heroes	Lady Maxwell	
Men	Father Conmee praying "in secret" admitting only then his humanity and dependence	he prays to God "Our Father," and to Mary our mother.
Ricorso	He crosses his breast	
Gods	Father Conmee	walked -- and walking
Heroes	"Beati immaculati," 'the blessed unsullied'	

Men	Flushed young man and woman coming out of hedge after love-making
Ricorso	"Father Conmee blessed both gravely and turned a thin page of his breviary."

The final word is Vico's (condemned as heretic and sinner by the princes of the Church): Sin: Principes persecuti sunt me gratis: et a verbis tuis formidavit cor meum." 'Sin: Princes have persecuted me without cause: but my heart standeth in awe of 'thy word.'